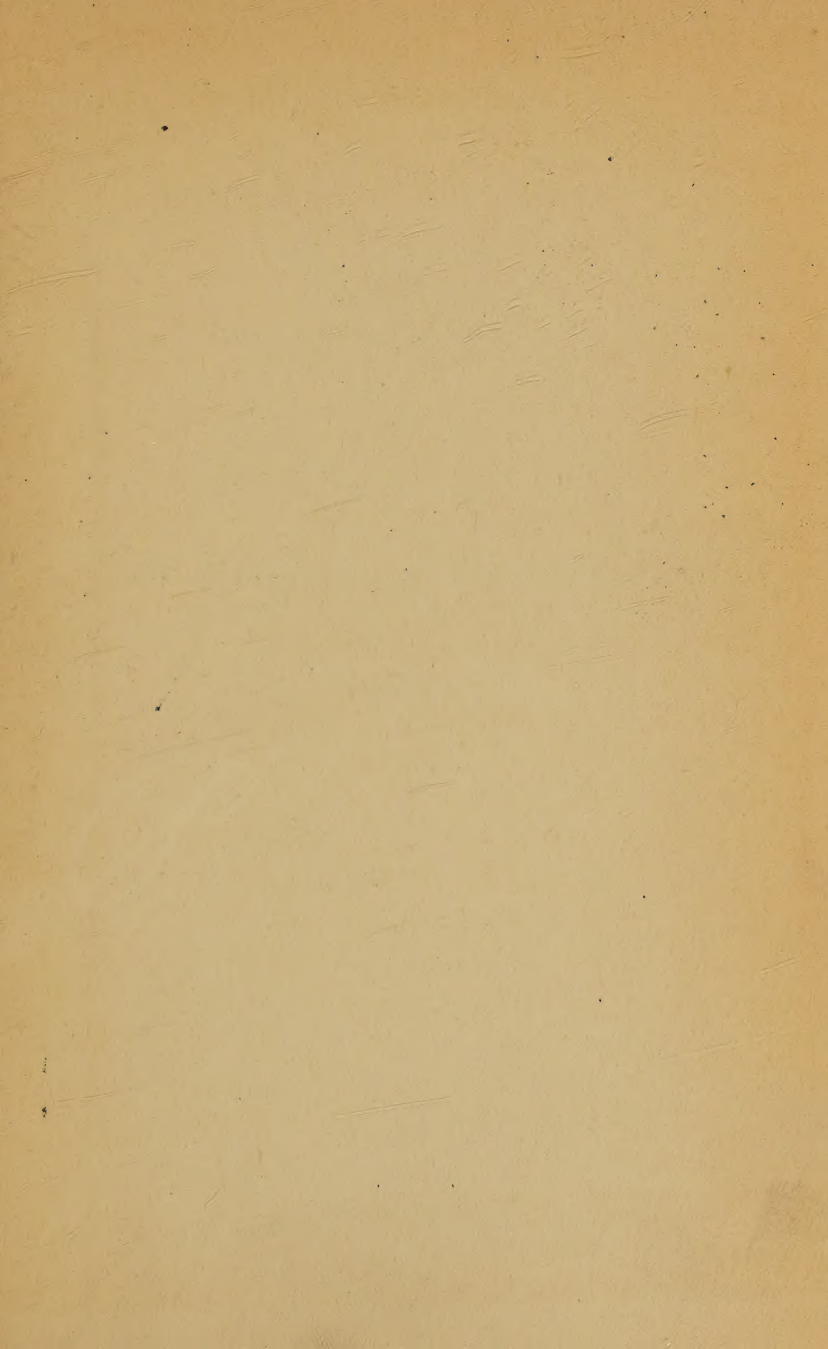




P.



"LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE"

WORKS OF
THE VERY REV. CANON SHEEHAN, D.D.

GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE.

MY NEW CURATE.

LUKE DELMEGE.

MARIÆ CORONA.

UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS.

CITHARA MEA (Poems).

THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY.

EARLY ESSAYS AND LECTURES.

GLENANAAR.

LISHEEN.

"LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE."

PARERGA.

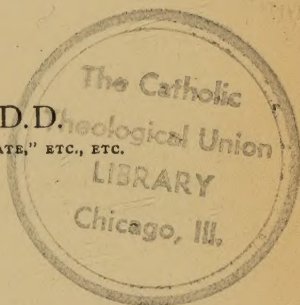
"LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE"

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE

BY THE VERY REV.

P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.

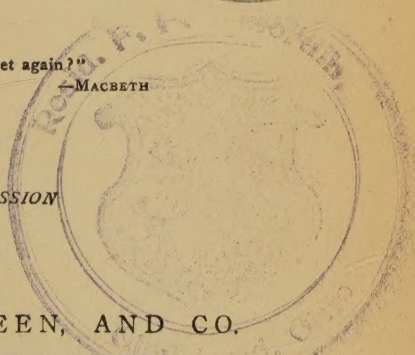
AUTHOR OF "LUKE DELMEGE," "MY NEW CURATE," ETC., ETC.



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"When shall we three meet again?"

—MACBETH

NEW IMPRESSION

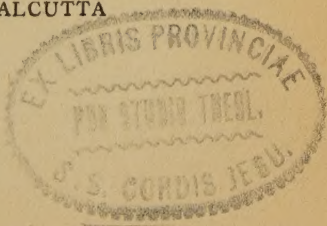


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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*The dressing-room of an improvised theatre. Three school-girls, Grace O'Meara, Eva Farrell, and Lilian White, about to appear as the Parcæ, Clotho, Lachësis, and Atröpos, are giving the final touches to their toilettes. On the stage in front twelve of their school companions, dressed in antique Greek costumes, with sandals, cymbals, etc., are going through the mazes of certain classical tableaux.*

EVA (*rushing about wildly*).—There goes the last crash of the cymbals! Quick, Lil, for goodness' sake! Where's that fillet for my hair?

GRACE.—Oh, dear, dear, I'm shaking all over. I wouldn't care but for that horrid Lord Mayor.

EVA.—And I wouldn't care but for Dr. L——. I see him put up his pince-nez, throw back his head, and look us all over with surprised contempt. He cannot despise you, however, Lil!

LILIAN (*studying leisurely the arrangement of stars in her hair*).—And why not, Lachësis?

EVA.—Why not, you darling? Because you are so grand and lofty and stately. There, let me fix that white rose! (*Throws her arm around Lilian's neck.*) That's the reason you are Atrōpos. It will be snip, snip, snip, all your life.

GRACE.—Have you your verses committed, Eva?

EVA.—Yes, Miss Prue. Have you? Now, no blunder, Miss Prue, or I shall certainly laugh out, and shan't I get my penance in the morning? "You disgraced the community, Miss! You shamed the Institute before all Dublin!" Thus saith, or shall say, the gentle mistress, already niched and statued as a saint!

GRACE.—Shame, Eva! There's no one like our mistress in the whole world! What's this I've got to do? Hold the distaff, isn't it? These blessed stars will keep coming off?

STAGE-MANAGERESS (*bursting in, in a high state of frenzy*).—Quick, quick, quick! The tableaux are nearly over, and the statues are waiting!

EVA.—And a very proper thing for statues to

do. Where's that blessed spindle? How's that it goes?

LILIAN (*calmly*).—'For the great Gods born in Time, and watching the flowing of tears,—'

EVA (*interrupting*).—'Have left me only a spindle, and you but a broken shears.'

LILIAN.—No! no! 'For the great Gods——'

'For the great Gods——'

STAGE-MANAGERESS (*excitedly*).—Come, be ready in an instant! The prompters will help you. But, mind your bows to the audience!

EVA.—All right, Mattie, though the Fates are not much given to bowing, I believe. I expect mine will be a profound salaam. This horrible skirt, ahem! drapery, will tangle around my feet; and down I shall go, as if it were my profession ceremony!

GRACE (*disdainfully*).—Your profession ceremony?

EVA (*saucily*).—Yes, Miss Prue! My profession ceremony. Do you think you have sole and exclusive right to that celebration?

LILIAN.—Hush, Eva! There goes the bell. St. Antony, pray for us! Now Eva, look dignified if you can, and mind your steps!

EVA.—I will, Lil. I'll think of the cakes and tea, when the lords of creation have departed.

The Parcæ take their seats on three lofty thrones, and the twelve draped figures are grouped around them. Clotho holds her distaff, Lachësis stretches out the threads of life between her fingers, and Atröpos cuts them into unequal lengths. The first figure advances a step, and says :—

Children of Night and of Darkness, Daughters
of Jove, and his mates,
Pierce through the Future's blackness, reveal
our lingering Fates.

CLOTHO (*spinning*):—

The ghosts of the Future unbidden may rise
lest the Gods resent,
But neither for Gods nor for mortals shall the
Fates of the Future relent.

SECOND FIGURE (*more boldly*):—

I have no fear for the future, unravelled or
unrevealed,
I lift my face to defy it, and all that it holds
concealed.

LACHĒSIS (*unravelling the threads*):—

Time and the prancing hours beat with relentless hoof

Thy days that slip through my fingers, weaving
a sable woof.

THIRD FIGURE :—

The threads of all lives are thine, to shorten or
lengthen amain ;

What shall it be for me, ye, who all lives disdain ?

ATRŌPOS (*cutting the threads*):—

Years contentment beget not ; age is a burden
to youth ;

Time is measured by thought ; and thought is
measured by truth.

FOURTH FIGURE :—

Down where Ismēnos rolls its turbid tide to the
sea,

Was I, Aïsa, born ! where shall I die, say ye ?

CLOTHO :—

Neither on land or on sea, on mountain-top, or
on plain,

Shall the great God stoop to greet you, child of
sorrow and pain.

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FIFTH FIGURE :—

I care not for hours or days, fates or furies. I
ask
Why have the Gods deputed to women this
loathsome task?

LACHĒSIS :—

Why? But because through us poureth the
life of the world.
What? Hast thou stolen a word from lips
with silence engirdled?

SIXTH FIGURE :—

Emboldened, I cry to you, Fates, why do you
drop the veil
Over your work and its woe, where the Gods
of destruction prevail?

ATRŌPOS :—

Better to see and die, than to look forever and
live
Straight in the face of horrors from the hands
that never forgive.

SEVENTH FIGURE (*proudly*) :—

What care I for ye? I have stood on Leu-
cadian steeps,
Envied the fame of her who ever in Orcus
weeps.

CLOTHO :—

Envied the fame, but dreaded the fate ; 'tis
ever with mortals thus ;
Pallid with panting for laurels, and—the dread
of Erebus.

EIGHTH FIGURE :—

In the birth-throes my mother saw me, clothed
with fire, but elate ;
Say what it means, O Lachēsis, spinner and
silent Fate ?

LACHĒSIS :—

Fire in thy mouth and nostrils, fire in thy
hands and hair ;
What should it mean, but one thing—the love
of the Gods, and despair ?

NINTH FIGURE :—

I'm tired of your Sibylline speeches ; I care
not for Fate, but tell
Do ye sit at the feet of Jove in Heaven ; or
at Pluto's feet in hell ?

ATRŎPOS :—

When the thread of thy life shall be cut in
twain by the teeth of the shears
Thou shalt count our reign with Jove, our
exile in Orcus, with tears.

TENTH FIGURE (*blind*):—

I have been blind from my birth; take me
and lead by the hand,
Daughter of Jove and Thetis, goddess of high
command.

CLOTHO :—

Ay, sorrowful, ever in sorrow. The Fates
must deal gently with thee.
Wet is the thread of my distaff with woe of
thy destiny.

ELEVENTH FIGURE (*points to her lips, dumb*):—

LACHÆSIS :—

Happy art thou, O mortal! uncursed with the
gift of speech,
Fain would the Fates transport thee beyond
the Immortals' reach.

TWELFTH FIGURE (*deaf*):—

Speak, and I hear not. Strike, and I fear
not. Deaf to speech and to strife
Calmly I move through a buzzing world, O
Thou, who determinest life.

ATRÖPOS (*deeply moved*):—

And the great Gods, born of Kronos, and
watching the river of tears,
Seek their own faces, tear-stricken——

Seek their own faces, tear-stricken——

Seek their own faces, tear-stricken——

(Bursts into a paroxysm of tears.)

EVA *(anxiously whispers)*.—Lil, Lil, for God's sake, compose yourself! It will be all over in a minute.

CLOTHO *(triumphantly)*:—

Now that the Gods have unravelled, and
severed in lengths the Fates

Of mortals, is there a mortal can tell what
the Parcæ awaits?

A Voice from the audience:—

I give the veil to Lachësis; to Clotho I give
the hearth;

The stars have given to Atröpos secrets of
death and birth!

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

SCENE.—*The dressing-room. Eva, all excitement, quivering from head to feet, flings her arms around Lilian, whose eyes are red with weeping.*

EVA.—What happened, you poor darling, what happened? Was it sublime acting, or

was it in earnest? Why should you cry, dearest, why, why, why?

GRACE.—Let Lil alone, Eva! It was really grand! I heard one gentleman say, "What a sublime actress!"

EVA.—Thank you, for the first time in my life, you icicle! There, Lil, 'tis all right! Why, you'll sweep the world, like Sarah Bernhardt, yet! Did you hear any other remarks, icicle?

GRACE.—Oh, yes, several. But you might not like to hear them.

EVA.—Oh, never mind! It will give you a lot of pleasure, and it won't pain me!

LILIAN.—I heard some one say "Isn't that middle one cool? She looks as if she had been born in an arm-chair."

EVA.—Good, little Lil. The sun is coming out again. But who was the impudent fellow, I'd like to know?

LILIAN.—It wasn't a gentleman. It was one of ourselves—a lady.

EVA.—No lady would make such a remark. There! I'm out with you! No, I'm not, dearest! There! there!

GRACE.—Miss Nugent would hardly be flattered by the remarks on her verses.

LILIAN.—Why? I thought them lovely.

EVA.—So did I. And they *are* lovely.

GRACE.—I heard one great critic remark, “Who wrote that wretched doggerel?”

EVA.—Why, Gracie, what’s coming over you? Why, you are actually becoming facetious. Don’t, dear, or you’ll die soon.

LILIAN.—But that remark about the verses was most unjust. I wonder who was it that declared our fates?

GRACE and EVA (*both together, breathlessly*).—Oh, yes! we quite forgot. Who was it?

LILIAN.—It was the voice of a child.

GRACE.—No! no! ’twas an old man.

EVA.—I thought it was a woman’s voice.

LILIAN.—It was very complimentary to you two.

EVA (*taking off her sandals, and putting on her shoes*).—How’s that it ran? Clotho, the cloister—

GRACE.—No! no! Clotho, the hearth; and Eva, the cloister! (*Laughs derisively.*)

EVA (*angrily*).—Very well, dear Lady Disdain

—but stranger things happen. What did she, he, or it, for it was certainly a ghost, say of Atrōpos?

LILIAN (*quite pale*).—Something about secrets of death and birth.

EVA.—That is a fortune-teller. I congratulate you, Lil. Come, let us commence. I cross your palm with silver. No, I don't, though, because I haven't it. But, look, you two prophetesses! Let us make a bargain. When shall we three meet again? No matter, but listen! At the three events of our lives——

LILIAN.—Let me say it, Eva.

EVA.—By all means, thou Cumæan Sibyl, thou greatest of all the world's *tragédiennes*!

LILIAN (*solemnly*).—At the great events of our lives—marriage, profession, or death—we, the Fates, shall meet for mutual—mutual—succour!

EVA.—No! Succour, indeed! No! For mutual congratulations.

LILIAN.—Be it so! It may be, Eva, that my death shall be a subject for joy.

EVA.—Your death? Who spoke of that, thou croaker of misfortune? Here, Grace, let down

my hair, will you? Let us be girls as long as we can!

GRACE.—There goes the supper-bell. The dons are gone!

LILIAN.—Do the statues eat?

EVA.—Yes, and the Fates!

GRACE.—Now, for the honours. Put that rose on your shoulder-knot, Lil!

EVA (*kicking the distaff and spindle viciously*).
—I wonder when will ye three meet again?
Allons! as Monsieur Tartuffe would say.

(*Exeunt together.*)

AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

SCENE.—*Railway carriage between Bray and Dublin. Grace, Eva, and Lilian, in a corner of the carriage. Grace and Eva are eating chocolate creams voraciously. Lilian is reading, or trying to read, "The Deemster".*

TIME.—*About three years after the events of the last chapter.*

EVA (*with her mouth full*).—Jolly day!

GRACE (*with her mouth full*).—Delight—ful!

EVA.—Never enjoyed myself more. It was what our American cousins call, "A right good time!" (Silence.)

EVA.—Did you see that girl with the awful head-dress? She was a fright. She nearly gave me fits! Pale green straw, with chocolate feathers, over a pale blue dress. Good heavens!

LILIAN (*reproachfully*).—Eva!

EVA (*saucily*).—Well, Cleopatra? Put away

that nasty book, and talk! When did you take to novel-reading, you bold, bad girl?

GRACE.—Do, Lil. Let us talk!

LILIAN.—I should like to know what else we have done since ten o'clock this morning?

EVA.—I took notes for the *Sketch*.

GRACE.—And I took sketches for the *Graphic*.

EVA.—And Lil took notes of somebody else. Did you notice, Grace, how Jack pulled when he saw the pink blouse? My! I thought he'd get apoplexy.

LILIAN (*blushing furiously*).—Shame, Eva!

EVA.—I suppose you'll deny that you waved your oriflamme too! How's that it goes:—

“Press where you see my white plume shine
amidst the glorious fight,

And be your oriflamme to-day—the *mouchoir*
of Miss White!”

LILIAN.—You are incorrigible! But the poor fellows did work, didn't they? It was awful to see their white faces, and to think that the heart or brain might give way any moment.

GRACE.—It was awful. If they worked half as hard to save their immortal souls, what saints we'd have!

EVA.—Now, stop that, Gracie! Or, rather, go on, go on (*resignedly*)—"Dearly-beloved, in the third place——"

LILIAN.—Hush, Eva! You are becoming quite irreverent. You must not touch on sacred things so flippantly.

(The carriage door opens, and a young man enters hurriedly. He flings down books, magazines, wraps, etc., places a valise in the rack, and throws himself back on the cushions, a lighted cigar in his hand. Then he suddenly catches sight of the three young ladies; and after staring at them for a moment in a stupefied manner, he flings the cigar through the open window.)

EVA (*sotto voce*).—There's a sacrifice. The age of chivalry has come again! I wonder who is he?

LILIAN (*warningly*).—'Sh! 'sh! (*Reads calmly and in a very dignified manner. Silence for a few seconds.*)

EVA.—Did you like your tea?

GRACE.—'Twas lovely!

EVA.—And those caramels! And that cake, lemon-flavoured, almond-frosted, ambrosial-tinted, as your German professor would say!

GRACE.—It was delightful!

EVA.—What do you think, Lil? That is, if you can think of anything but Jack and the Beanstalk. No! Jack and *The Deemster*.
(*A long pause.*)

GRACE.—What a detestable name,—Fitzmaurice.

(*Stranger starts, and looks at them curiously.*)

EVA.—Horrid.

GRACE.—'Twould suit you, though.

EVA.—How, madame?

GRACE.—How? Because it reminds you always of a bottle of champagne—pop—fizz—z—z

EVA.—That's poor, Gracie, from you! Send it to the *Sunburst*, and you'll get a gold bangle, worth three ha'pence! (*A pause.*) I'll speak to him! I wonder who he is!

LILIAN (*pulling her arm furiously*).—For God's sake, Eva, don't shame us!

EVA.—I will. I'm sure he knows Jack.

LILIAN (*to avert a catastrophe*).—Has either of you been to the "Minerva" lately?

GRACE.—Yes! I ran up to see Apollonia. She is working very hard for her degree.

LILIAN (*still nervous about Eva*).—Any news of the dear old place?

GRACE.—All well but Clara, who died. There is a horrid bull, or worse!

LILIAN (*sighing*).—Happy little Clara!

EVA.—Now, Dolores, this won't do, and on such a day. How is the dear old *petite bonne Mère*?

GRACE.—Well, and calm as usual.

EVA.—Not like Paula, always fretful and impatient!

GRACE.—Paula is a saint, Eva.

EVA.—I know, I know. A dear old muff. But the *bonne Mère* was a doat. "My little birds! my little birds! Leaving the mother's nest, and going out on the great, lone world!" (*Looks around.*) There, now, he's pulling his moustache furiously. That means he wants an introduction. I will.

LILIAN (*in agony*). — This Dalkey? No, Monkstown! No. Where are my wits? I say, Eva, the Monkstown girls are getting beyond the "Owls".

EVA.—And I say the “Minervas” are tons beyond the “Monks”.

LILIAN.—Do you remember Lottie Holmes?

EVA.—No!

GRACE.—I do. That tall, gawky girl, who always walked like a somnambulist.

EVA.—Oh! to be sure. We called her Iris. She used to recite:—

“For Iris had no mothaw to enfold haw,
Nor evaw leaned upon a sistaw’s shouldaw,
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nachaw
told haw.”

I remember well, now. Rather pasty face, big ox eyes, as became a pupil of the “Minerva,” and a wide mouth. What have the gods done with her?

LILIAN. — Something auspicious. She ran down to Killarney in May, to form one of a Lake party; and—and—and——

EVA.—Go on, Lil! Don’t tantalise!

LILIAN (*in a whisper*).—Developed a vocation!

EVA (*aloud and clapping her hands*).—Great Scott! A vo—cation.

GRACE.—And why not, Eva?

EVA.—And—why—not? Because she was the last in the world that I thought would be a nun. She might do well as a governess, to flog little, nasty boys; or as a typist, she was so mechanical; or as a milliner's dummy——

LILIAN.—Eva! Eva!

(Eva lapses into a brown study.)

EVA *(waking up)*.—I will *(desperately)*. Would you kindly raise that window a little? There is a cold—ahem!—draught from the sea.

LILIAN and GRACE *(together)*.—Oh, dear! dear!

(The stranger rises languidly, and raises the window, a peculiar smile playing around his mouth.)

EVA *(plunging recklessly)*.—You had an excellent passage in the mail boat?

STRANGER *(languidly)*.—Rather! *(An awkward pause.)* Was the Bray Regatta on to-day?

EVA.—Yes. We have just come from it.

STRANGER.—Good racing?

EVA *(imitating his accent)*.—Rather!

LILIAN and GRACE *(in great alarm)*.—Eva! Eva!

STRANGER (*smiling*).—There was an old chum of mine in the University boat!

EVA.—Indeed! Now that I remember, the University men did win. Did they not, Lil?

LILIAN (*coldly*).—I don't know! I believe—yes—they did!

STRANGER.—I am very glad, indeed.

EVA.—So are we. That is—I am not quite sure—they wore dark blue, or was it green?

(*Collapses hopelessly.*)

STRANGER.—My friend was stroke when I left for England. They couldn't get on without him. Poor Fitz! (*Looks out of window.*)

EVA (*recovering*).—I don't think he needs so much commiseration. He has won all round.

STRANGER (*laughing*). — Indeed? Then I retract. You have enlightened me very much. (*Looking round.*) Quite true! Commiseration was altogether out of place.

EVA (*quite buoyantly*).—It is always a safe principle, you know, never to ignore the present, if we chop up the absent.

STRANGER.—Indeed? (*Looks round inquiringly at Lilian and Grace.*) Then I congratulate

late my friend, Jack, most heartily. See what we poor exiles lose!

(Lilian looks steadily through the window.

Grace in high dudgeon glares at Eva.)

EVA (*getting slightly alarmed at her audacity*).—Were you—very—that is—were you sick?

STRANGER.—Not at all. An old sailor never gets sick.

EVA.—I don't agree with you there. I have a brother, a middy, who has gone round half the globe; and he says that channel is the nastiest, choppiest bit of water in the world.

STRANGER.—I quite agree with the midshipmite. All the remedies in the pharmacopœia won't avert sickness, if you are predisposed.

EVA.—Did you never try the simplest remedy?

STRANGER.—No! What might it be? I've heard of so many—all efficacious and perfect.

EVA.—Well, my brother says that if you eat a full meal before going on board, then lie down in your berth, you'll never cry, "Steward"!

(Lilian and Grace look furiously at the unconscious Eva.)

STRANGER (*smiling*).—I'm exceedingly glad to have heard of so simple and pleasant a remedy.

But who could get sick on such a pond as that? (*Points to the sea.*) But I'm awfully sorry I missed the Regatta. A very large gathering? All the *élite* of Dublin, I suppose?

EVA.—Yes (*contemptuously*), all the *élite* of Dublin were there.

STRANGER.—Beautiful costumes, etc., etc.?

EVA (*sotto voce*). — He takes me for a child! (*Aloud.*) Yes! all that art and money could achieve was there. There were a few dowdies, you know, but most were well dressed. There was one girl, all in white; 'twas like a fancy costume at a Viceregal ball; and such an exquisite hat! Lilac felt, and sprays of lavender, and, would you believe it, ears of barley?

STRANGER.—It must have been lovely. Hallo! Here I am!

(*Footman, gorgeously attired, steps forward and opens carriage door.*)

STRANGER.—Sir William at home?

FOOTMAN.—Yes, sir! The carriage is waiting!

STRANGER (*gathering up his traps*).—Good-day, ladies! I'm sure I hardly anticipated such a delightful afternoon. By the way (*addressing*

Eva), did you say, lilac felt and lavender spray, or lavender felt and lilac spray? I'm deeply interested!

EVA (*not knowing what to think*).—Lilac—that is—I believe—I'm not quite sure! (*desperately*) Good-evening!

STRANGER (*stepping out and raising his hat deferentially*).—Good-evening! I shall look up my friend Jack at once, and congratulate him on his charming acquaintance. (*Departs.*)

(*An awful pause of a minute.*)

LILIAN (*reproachfully*).—Well, Eva, I hope you are satisfied now?

GRACE (*angrily*).—As for me, Miss Farrell, or O'Farrell, you will please regard our acquaintance at an end from this forward. (*Cries softly with vexation.*)

EVA (*alarmed*).—Why? What have I done? I thought him charming!

GRACE.—You — thought — him — charming! And he mocking at you, and laughing at us the whole time! Oh, dear, dear! Was there ever such a humiliation? That lilac and lavender jest will be around the city in a week.

LILIAN (*soothingly*).—It's not so bad, Gracie,

dear ! After all, he saw we were only school-girls, and meant no harm.

GRACE.—But, Lilian, the whole performance has been so unladylike. If ever they hear of it at the “Minerva,” we dare not show our faces there again !

EVA.—Why ? What harm ? I hate Pharisees. I’m sure I had no intention whatever——

GRACE (*indignantly*).—Of course ! There never yet was an idiot who had not excellent intentions——

LILIAN.—Now, now, girls, this won’t do ! Take out your beads at once ?

(*They obey : and Lilian commences the Rosary. The prayer lasts until they glide into Westland Row Station, just as they are reciting the “Salve Regina” together.*)

EVA (*quite recovered*).—There ! Now we are in better humour. Do you remember Madame Duffay ? “Wherever I meet you, my little children, *mes chères petites enfants*, in steamboat, train, ’bus, in city, or town or country, I shall ask you at once to show me your beads.”

GRACE.—Poor, dear Madame. Ah! those were happy days!

EVA.—You'd think she was one of Cook's conductors, always stepping from train to boat, and from gallery to gallery. Here we are! Where will your papa meet you, Lil?

LILIAN.—At the church.

EVA.—Come along then. Freddy will be waiting for me.

LILIAN.—Come, Gracie! Let us all go home together!

EVA (*her nose in the air*).—Grace—I beg pardon—Miss O'Meara—will hardly condescend to walk with such a disreputable personage as myself.

GRACE.—Perhaps if Miss Farrell would condescend to conduct herself with ordinary decency on the public thoroughfares of the city, I might.

EVA.—Thanks, very much! Dear me, what ineffable condescension! You'll be made mistress of deportment the moment you enter, or long before you're professed, Gracie!

GRACE.—I hope I shan't have many pupils like you.

(They reach the porch of the church, where Freddy stands with two or three water-proofs and rugs on his arm.)

EVA.—Hallo! going on an excursion, Fred?

FRED.—Hallo, Evy! That you? Jolly day? Did the 'Varsity win? I had five bob on the "Commercials".

EVA.—Gone, old man! The Commercials were licked hollow. 'Varsity first. Cork second. 'Mercials nowhere! *(Freddy looks as if he would like to cry.)* Come along, bud. Keep the tears till we get home. Good-night, dear old Lil!

LILIAN.—Good-night, dear! Forgetting anything? *(Points to the door of the church.)*

EVA.—True! One moment, Fred!

(Enters church, and remains a short time in prayer. Then departs. Lilian and Grace kneel together. Then Grace leaves, and Lilian, wandering around the church, steps before a Pietà in a recess, and remains watching the figures for a long time.)

LILIAN *(with clasped hands whispers)* :—

“Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,

Fac, ut tecum lugeam ;
 Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam."

(Stoops and kisses the wounded feet ; then the hands of the Mater Dolorosa, wipes away a tear hastily, and comes out into the porch. A tall, handsome figure fills up the narrow niche of light. Lilian steals her arm around his neck, and draws down the dear, white face to her own.)

FATHER.—I thought I had missed you, Lil !
 What? Crying, and after such a holiday !

LILIAN.—I'm very happy, dear old pap !

(They depart.)

A DÉBUTANTE.

SCENE.—*A Mansion-House Ball. Long suites of apartments lighted up, flowers, perfumes, lights everywhere. Grace O'Meara in fancy costume as Adalgisa, a vestal virgin, and with all the symbolism of Druidical worship—oak leaves and mistletoe, and vervain—entwined in her dress and hair. A young London physician, rapidly rising in practice, is by her side.*

DR. LATOUCHE.—Pretty? ' I doubt if we could equal it in London. I dare say we should have more pomp and more vulgar display of wealth ; but, somehow, you never see there the certain note of artistic taste that you witness in Ireland.

GRACE.—I am surprised. We are accustomed to think that we get all our best ideas from London, both in art and literature.

LATOUCHE.—In special subjects, yes, perhaps you do. That is from want of experience and

training, and, let me add, our rather habitual contempt for ourselves. You know the fiercest and most uncompromising patriot poses for the British public; and an English accent will carry further with the most rustic audience than our broad native Doric. Then in music and painting we are most deplorably backward.

GRACE (*a little nettled*).—We Dubliners were the first to acknowledge the genius of Handel.

LATOCHE.—True! But I wonder would you understand a Mascagni or a Perosi of to-day? And then, in painting (I speak from experience, for I am an amateur myself), the very elementary and nursery ideas of art are unknown.

GRACE.—I hardly follow you there. I know one gifted girl, who, if she had just a little professional training, would be a Rosa Bonheur, or an Elizabeth Thompson; but, of course, she's Irish!

LATOCHE.—Might I ask her name?

GRACE.—Certainly. Her name is Lilian White.

LATOCHE.—That's Jack's friend.

GRACE (*laconically*).—Was!

LATOCHE.—Another broken link?

GRACE.—Yes. The way of men. Unbounded enthusiasm, everlasting affection, eternal vows—then a whisper, a rumour, that father was in financial trouble, and—Jack had suddenly an enormous increase of professional duty to attend to, which prevented him from calling, or even writing.

LATOUCHE.—Impossible! The hound! And such a noble girl! Her face is always haunting me since that day I saw you first—remember?

GRACE (*annoyed*).—Indeed!

LATOUCHE (*quite unconsciously*).—Yes! I thought it a wonderful face—a face of fate! It is strange how some faces photograph themselves on your memory. Now, I see hundreds of faces, mostly pretty, many of them beautiful, in the streets of London every day; but I cannot recall this moment the outlines of even one. And yet it is five years, is it not, since I saw Miss White's face first; and that alone remains indelibly imprinted—nay, engraved on my memory—

(*Looks up from reverie, and sees something.*)
until, indeed, yours, Gracie, comes back to me, and obliterates everything else.

GRACE (*unconquered*).—Suppose we speak of something else. Will you be at the Viceregal ball?

LATOUCHE (*sadly*).—No! I shall be dancing through the wards of Brompton Hospital then—waltzing through rows of skeleton consumptives.

GRACE (*shuddering*).—They say now the disease is contagious!

LATOUCHE.—No doubt about it. You carry your life in your hands, as if you were on the field of battle.

GRACE (*frightened*).—Frank, don't go back! Why should you go? You are no longer an apprentice, fighting for your diploma.

LATOUCHE.—True! But I am placed on the Committee for the Investigation and Prevention of Tuberculosis; and I must study the question on the spot.

GRACE (*shuddering*).—Ugh! And just think, you will be in mortal danger, when I——

LATOUCHE.—Never mind, Gracie. You'll remember me!

GRACE.—I hate it all. Just think of that detestable business at the Castle on presentation. It is quite disgusting!

LATOUCHE.—By the way, what became of Miss White?

GRACE.—I shall give you her address; I dare say you would like to call.

LATOUCHE.—Thanks, very much!

GRACE.—Her address now is 35, Wellington Avenue, South Circular Road.

LATOUCHE (*surprised*).—I thought they lived in Merrion Street?

GRACE.—Yes! but they have changed their address.

LATOUCHE.—That place is associated in my mind with two-storey dwellings tenanted by small clerks, and retired civil servants.

GRACE (*with some expression of triumph*).
—Quite so! (*A long pause.*)

LATOUCHE (*musingly*).—Grace!

GRACE.—Pardon!

LATOUCHE.—Are you glad of this awful *débâcle*?

GRACE (*loftily*).—I should like to know, sir, what right you have to catechise me.

LATOUCHE (*firmly*).—The right to know something about my future wife.

GRACE (*trembling with indignation*).—And

who gave you the privilege of penetrating into your future wife's most secret thoughts, I should like to know? Can you bear such a scrutiny yourself?

LATOCHE (*confidently*).—Certainly! If there were anything in my life or thoughts I should care to conceal, I should never have dared to ask you to be my wife.

GRACE.—And do you presume to suppose that I have anything to conceal from you?

LATOCHE.—No! But there was some ill-concealed triumph in the manner in which you spoke of that poor girl.

GRACE.—And would it not be better, sir, to seek out that poor girl, and pay her your addresses, before you take the final and irrevocable step of condescending to honour me? There are no divorces in our church, remember!

LATOCHE.—Grace! Grace!

GRACE.—Yes! yes! I see it all. Better for Pollio keep to his priestess, and let the vestals alone!

LATOCHE.—Grace! Grace! What in the world has come over you to-night?

FIRST PARTNER (*sweeping by*).—Another tiff. It will be off, I think.

SECOND PARTNER.—No. He's too good a catch.

FIRST PARTNER.—What does he see in her? He can pick and choose as he likes here.

SECOND PARTNER.—He wants the cash, I suppose. House in Harley Street, carriage and pair, coachman, footman, and a host of servants, mean something a year.

FIRST PARTNER.—Then why doesn't he marry a London belle? There are a good many who would jump at him.

SECOND PARTNER.—Ay, but he's a Papist; and they have queer notions of things. And, then, he's absurdly Irish. He thinks Irish girls were created immediately after,—no, immediately before the angels.

FIRST PARTNER.—Poor fellow! How will he stand the disillusion?

SECOND PARTNER.—Compound and cut.

LATOUCHE (*in a corner of the smoking-room, silently soliloquising*).—Now, Frank, let us think it over leisurely. It is a serious step, my boy, for a young physician, whose name is already

before the world. Tiff! and tiff! and tiff! How will it tell on your nerves? When you come down from your study, fagged and irritable with that abominable treatise you are writing, or that reply to "Forceps" in the *Medical Journal*, when he attacks you fiercely, you'll want a quiet little wife to soothe you, and talk you down into composure. Or when you return from hospital, with bacilli swarming in every thread of your coat, and your hands and face reeking with formaldehyde and acid bichloride of mercury, it will hardly do to have to face a sulky wife, a bad dinner, giggling servants; or to be told for the hundredth time that Mrs. Latouche has retired with a headache. Think of that grinning footman presiding over your lonely dinner! Remember old Alderley? He couldn't help himself. The last straw breaks the horse's back; and the last word puts the fatal dose in the bedroom tumbler. Hallo, Frank, your imagination is running away with you. Who spoke of chloral? After all, Gracie is a sweet, pure girl! There's no one like her; and I needn't be ashamed to introduce her to the very best of London Society. And, then, if she were dull and stupid, and inert, I

should also be dissatisfied. These little spurts of temper add piquancy to her character ; and you don't want a dummy or a statue in your house, do you? If there were only a little—something. Why don't they teach girls that men won't stand everything? Lastly, Frank, you are engaged ; and that stops argument. There is no backing out now. The thing is, to have your marriage fixed at the earliest date possible! By Jove, that's it! If it were only——! Shame, Frank, shame! That's disloyal!

(Supper-table. Latouche, with a fresh young girl by his side, is trying to talk nonsense, and succeeding badly. Grace, with a pompous, bald-headed gentleman by her side, is trying to talk sense, and succeeding badly.)

YOUNG LADY.—D'y' like waltzin'?

LATOCHE.—Not much. Do you?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh! dear, yes! I think it lovely. That is, when you have a proper partner.

LATOCHE.—You're fastidious, then! That means you are a perfect waltzer yourself!

YOUNG LADY.—We—ll, I like it, however.
(*Pause.*) D'y' like Hall Caine?

LATOUCHE (*emphatically*).—No!

YOUNG LADY (*surprised*).—Why? Every one likes Hall Caine. Did y' read Hardy's *Tess*?

LATOUCHE (*very sharply*).—No, nor would I. Will you take champagne?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes! No! Just a little, please! (*Pause.*) Why don't you like Hardy?

LATOUCHE.—Beg pardon!

YOUNG LADY.—I see you are *distract*. Why—don't—you—like Hardy?

LATOUCHE (*turning round and looking her full in the face*).—Because I am a physician and have to study serious things, and have no fancy for light things; and because I'm an anatomist, and have to witness ugly things, and don't care to see again in fiction what I am constantly beholding in real life!

YOUNG LADY.—I'm quite afraid of you.

LATOUCHE.—There's a chill. You feel cold.

YOUNG LADY (*shuddering*).—No! but I'm afraid of you. Tell me, is it right or wrong to drink champagne?

LATOUCHE.—That's a queer question.

YOUNG LADY.—Why?

LATOUCHE.—Beg pardon!

YOUNG LADY.—There, you're off again! What is the attraction, I wonder? (*Looks around the table.*)

LATOCHE.—You asked me something?

YOUNG LADY.—Never mind. No more, thanks! Yes! a few strawberries. By the way, who is that beautiful girl down there at the other side of the table?

LATOCHE (*looking around vacantly*).—Where? There are so many of them.

YOUNG LADY.—I don't agree with you at all. That is, I consider this young lady quite distinguished from the rest.

LATOCHE.—I shall presume to offer an opinion if you will kindly particularise whom you mean.

YOUNG LADY.—Your eyes have been wandering towards her for the last half-hour.

LATOCHE.—Most ungallant of chevaliers, when there were attractions nearer home.

YOUNG LADY (*blushing*).—That's hardly right, you know. But who is that young lady, talking with that old gentleman—fifth couple at the other side?

LATOCHE.—Oh, now, I see! That is Miss O'Meara, I believe——

YOUNG LADY.—She is most beautiful! But (*critically*), there is a something——

LATOUCHE (*warningly*).—Don't!

YOUNG LADY (*surprised*).—Why? I wasn't going to say anything unkind.

LATOUCHE.—We never know when we wound.

YOUNG LADY.—Dear me! You should have been a clergyman. There's something else here besides charity. Are you a relative?

LATOUCHE.—Yes and no!

YOUNG LADY.—Enigmatic! Yes and no! Let me see. You are too young to be her father; and too unlike to be her brother. Can it be—No, no! That would be impossible!

LATOUCHE (*highly amused*).—What would be impossible?

YOUNG LADY.—No, no! 'Twas a conjecture!

LATOUCHE.—You pique my curiosity. What is the conjecture?

YOUNG LADY.—Surely you're not—oh, no!

LATOUCHE.—Go on, my little detective. Well (*suddenly*), here it is! We are engaged! And you are hereby invited to the wedding.

YOUNG LADY.—Ri-di-culous! Then why are

you not with her, instead of that absurd old man, who is talking and drinking too much?

LATOUCHE.—'Sh! 'sh!

YOUNG LADY.—Well, well! Who'd ever think it? A lovers' quarrel, of course. I'll go over immediately after this tedious supper, and make it up.

LATOUCHE.—No, no, no! That would spoil everything.

YOUNG LADY.—Do you know, you ought to read a novel sometimes. There's a good deal of sense in some.

LATOUCHE.—I cannot conceive it.

YOUNG LADY.—But there is. I read once how—but here we are going.

(At the other side of the table.)

OLD GENTLEMAN.—I assure you most positively, Miss O'Meara, it is as I have stated. It was a most immoral and dishonest proceeding. Here, waiter, champagne!

GRACE.—I am quite bewildered. I know so little of such things. You say papa got that article written?

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Yes! *(determinedly laying down the empty glass)*, and paid damn—ahem, well for it.

GRACE.—And a number of people bought up these shares?

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Quite so, there the immorality, what I may call the swindling, comes in. This fellow White actually ran down the market in the "Dunfermlines"—here you, sir, Burgundy!

GRACE.—That is, Mr. White wrote articles against these things?

OLD GENTLEMAN.—No, my dear, innocent child (*affectionately and condescendingly*), but you see the crafty fellow, seeing that article in the *Stocks and Shares Magazine*, was caught by it, fell into the trap, you know—the biter bit; and the avaricious scoundrel went direct and sold out every share he had in the "Dunfermlines". Now, the fellow had a name as a financier, though he knew no more about financing than a trick-o'-the-loop man at a country fair. So down went the "Dunfermlines" at a run. Then your intelligent and excellent father steps in—he *is* a financier—buys up every share, and leaves the chaff to fools; and he netted, some say, a nice twenty thousand. Not a bad *dot* for a young lady, eh? Here, you, sir!

GRACE (*puzzled*).—I regret to say I cannot see it in that light. It appears to me that papa was—was——

OLD GENTLEMAN (*sotto voce*).—What a blamed idiot! (*Aloud.*) Your father, Miss O'Meara, is the salt and light of the Dublin Stock Exchange. In these days of commercial dishonesty I assure you it is a great comfort for the public to know that a gentleman of such honour and integrity as your father is at the head of affairs at the Exchange; and that such swindlers as White, who ought to have the broad arrow on their jackets, have got their deserts.

GRACE.—And he—Mr. White—is beggared?

OLD GENTLEMAN (*airily*).—Hasn't got a bawbee to bless himself with. He commenced to "plunge" after his losses in the Dunfermlines, and became hopelessly insolvent. And that grand daughter of his—well! pride goeth before a fall!

GRACE (*with a little dignity*).—I beg your pardon, Lilian was an old school-companion of mine; and is still my friend.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Quite so. You know our children must associate with all classes.

GRACE.—I think nearly all have returned to the ball-room.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Quite so. Here, you, sir! He's gone, by Jove! Well, never mind. We can come again.

(In the early morning as the guests are leaving, Frank is hovering around. Grace goes up to him.)

GRACE *(very pale and nervous)*.—Frank, I want you to—to—release me from that engagement!

LATOUCHE.—Why, what, Grace? You don't mean to say that a few silly words——

GRACE *(hastily)*.—No, no, no! 'Tisn't that. But something else has come to my knowledge.

LATOUCHE.—Something else! Here, Grace, step into this doorway for a moment. *(Very deliberately.)* You have heard something concerning me which makes it imperative that you should break our engagement?

GRACE *(covering her face with her hands)*.—Oh, no, no, no! Nothing concerning you, Frank, at all. Indeed, no! But something concerning myself deeply. I cannot now, or ever, be your wife.

LATOUCHE.—Well, of course, if you say so. But a man would like to know why he is dismissed so suddenly.

GRACE (*crying softly*).—I'm not dismissing you, Frank; indeed, I'm not—but—but—oh, dear!

LATOUCHE.—Well, then, if I'm prepared to stand by you under all circumstances, and if you care for me——

GRACE.—Oh, Frank! you know I do.

LATOUCHE.—Well, then, let the matter end here. Look here, Gracie, the sooner we settle matters by one grand bolt through the matrimonial ring the better!

GRACE.—But I cannot; really, I cannot, Frank.

LATOUCHE.—Cannot what, Gracie?

GRACE.—Cannot be your wife—that is—unless you—Oh, dear! I can never say it.

LATOUCHE.—Unless I swear I shall never be cross?

GRACE.—No, no! You're too good already; altogether too good for me.

LATOUCHE.—Well, allowing that hyperbole, what's the trouble?

GRACE.—'Tis all that hateful money, Frank. I cannot touch father's money under any circumstances, and—now—therefore——

LATOUCHE.—Hip! hip! hurrah! Now, we're equal. No, we're not. But I mean I can claim you for yourself alone; and that's just what I've been praying for.

GRACE.—Frank!

LATOUCHE.—Well, dear?

GRACE.—You're altogether too good for me. I wish—that is, I don't—you'd marry some other girl better than me.

LATOUCHE.—Come now, Gracie, let me help you with your cloak!

GRACE.—And you won't ask any more questions?

LATOUCHE.—Certainly not! I'm too glad. Only one. I shall call in the afternoon; and you must fix the day. By the way (*arranging her cloak*), who was that little chatterbox that sat near me at supper?

GRACE (*ecstatic*).—I didn't observe.

LATOUCHE.—Rather sharp young lady? She divined at once that there was a cloud between us; and wanted to blow it away with one breath.

GRACE.—Dear little soul! I suppose she's thinking of her own little *affaire* in the near future. Good-night, Frank!

LATOCHE.—Good-night, dearest! This afternoon! *N'oubliez pas!*

TWO SHALL BE ONE.

SCENE. — *Vestry of church. Wedding-party signing register. Grace nervous. Latouche restrained. Grace's father pompous and patronising. Margery Lawson, bridesmaid, ecstatic.*

EVA (*in a corner with Lilian*).—Grace looks well, but is very nervous.

LILIAN.—Well? She is simply perfection.

EVA.—What possessed Doctor Latouche to ask that fellow to be his best man?

LILIAN.—Who?

EVA.—That detestable Fitzmaurice! Oh, Lil, I'm so glad you are done with him for ever. But isn't the pater gorgeous? All he wants is the Lord Mayor's chain.

LILIAN.—I hope they will be very happy.

EVA (*with a shrug*).—I hope so. Ah, Lil, if it were only you!

LILIAN.—'Sh!

MARGERY LAWSON (*to Latouche*).—You must thank me for all this, you know!

LATOUCHE.—Of course, of course!

MARGERY LAWSON.—There you are distracted again. You have reversed the usual custom, and been strangely cool and even indifferent.

LATOUCHE.—Reversed the usual custom?

MARGERY LAWSON.—Yes! Imagine a man's thoughts in the clouds, and such a beautiful bride by his side.

LATOUCHE.—Is she? I beg pardon. Is't all over?

(Bridal party move out to the carriages, and all proceed to bridal breakfast. Eva Farrell finds herself near Fitzmaurice.)

EVA.—Thank you so much, I prefer not.

FITZMAURICE.—Do allow me help you to some champagne.

EVA (*grandly*).—No, thanks!

FITZMAURICE (*after a few words with the bridesmaid*).—Most young ladies dream of their own weddings on such an occasion as this, Miss Farrell.

EVA.—Indeed?



FITZMAURICE (*uncomfortable*).—Well, such is the tradition. And it is only natural that when they behold the happiness of others they should dream of their own.

EVA.—Happiness of others! How do you know they're happy?

FITZMAURICE.—Well, if a young lady cannot be happy with a husband, well-connected, young, and in a fair way to fame and a baronetcy; and if a man is not happy with such a wife and her immense fortune——

EVA.—Ah! Why did you not place that first?

FITZMAURICE (*confused*).—First! Where?

EVA.—Why did you not say: And if a man is not happy with such an immense fortune, and such a perfect wife?

FITZMAURICE.—Because—because—money is such a secondary thing, you know.

EVA.—Indeed? Marriage is not a mercenary transaction, then?

FITZMAURICE.—Not by any means.

EVA.—And you think a young lady should be picked out of the slave-market solely for her own goodness and attractions; and not for the coins that hang at her cincture?

FITZMAURICE.—Certainly. But won't you allow me help you to——

EVA (*unheeding*).—But let me suppose that you were engaged to a charming young lady, perfect in every other respect——

FITZMAURICE.—Here, waiter! I beg pardon!

EVA.—And suppose there was a sudden reverse of fortune——

FITZMAURICE.—Here, waiter, I say. Fill this lady's glass. What the d—l——

EVA.—No, thanks! No wine! And that she lost everything accidentally, keeping only what you men consider the bare essentials——

FITZMAURICE.—That's an extreme case! Hush! O'Meara is on his legs.

EVA.—He won't mind. Like all men, he's too engrossed in himself to heed us. I was just saying, under such circumstances, what would——

FITZMAURICE.—Hush! He's looking this way.

EVA.—Never mind! We can bear the scrutiny. As I was just saying—of course, it is only a supposititious case—that if the young lady lost everything, would that man—would you, if you had professed——

FITZMAURICE.—Pardon my rudeness ; but the old chap is looking down here !

EVA.—Every kind of attachment and devotion——

O'MEARA (*grandly*).—I was just about to remark, if that most interesting couple at the other side, who appear to be so engrossed with each other, would permit me——

FITZMAURICE.—Good old man !

EVA.—What a beast !

O'MEARA.—That I give my child without reluctance into the protection of my dear young friend here, to guard and protect her during her life. Of course, she'll miss for a time the luxuries of a—her—home ; for young men—we were all young men once (*hear ! hear ! and great laughter*)—have to fight the battle of life ; and—a—a young professional man in London, where there's so much—a—commercial competition in the professions—well, I was saying a young commercial, that is, professional man, has to fight an uphill fight. But I am proud to say *my* child does not go empty-handed.

GRACE (*annoyed*).—Oh, papa !

O'MEARA.—Yes, my child, I say, does not go

empty-handed even to London, the commercial metropolis of the Universe. I am not a proud man ; no ! Nor even a vain man (*rattling some silver in his pockets*). I came from Galway a poor boy ; in fact, I had not a copper to bless myself with. I slept the first night under Guinness's walls ; the second night in the South Dublin Union Workhouse.

GRACE.—Oh, papa ! Frank (*aside*), can we not get away ?

O'MEARA (*quite flushed with triumph*).—To-day I stand amongst the commercial magnates of this great city. It is not every Dublin merchant can say to his child : I'll give you four figures the day the ring is on your little finger ; ay, and by——(*bringing his hand down heavily on the table*), if you ever want it, Latouche, I'm good for five !

GRACE (*to Frank*).—Can't you invent some excuse for getting away, Frank ?

EVA.—I thought so. The eternal jingling of the guinea. The idol of gold, brass and clay.

FITZMAURICE.—We're not all so.

EVA.—I didn't say so. There, they're going ! I must see Lil !

FITZMAURICE.—Lil? Lil? Who's Lil?

(The bridal party driving off amid kisses, showers of rice, old slippers, etc.)

O'MEARA *(at the carriage door)*.—Good-bye, Gracie! Good-bye, Latouche! Any time you want that piece of paper, you have only to ask for it. You have acted in a d—d gentlemanly way in not mentioning it. Many a cad would, you know. But there are the four figures any time you want them; and O'Meara's name will have them honoured, I tell you!

LATOCHE *(bending forward from carriage)*.—I beg pardon, sir, I don't quite understand. Grace and I have settled all that between ourselves, you know!

O'MEARA *(stupefied)*.—All what, sir?

LATOCHE.—All about her fortune.

GRACE *(anxiously)*.—It's all right, papa, let us go!

O'MEARA *(angrily)*.—No. It's all wrong. What do you mean, sir; you've settled all that? All what?

LATOCHE.—All about Grace's fortune.

O'MEARA.—And what settlement have you made, might I ask?

LATOUCHE.—Simply that Grace is her own fortune. I want nothing else!

GRACE.—Oh, papa dear, it's all right. Frank and I have arranged all. Do tell the coachman drive on.

O'MEARA (*furious*).—Nonsense, Grace. I can't stand this. What do you mean, sir? Do you mean to tell me that I have given my child, my only child, away as a pauper? How dare you, sir? This is utterly intolerable!

GRACE.—Oh, pap, it is all right, I tell you. I have arranged all.

LATOUCHE.—It's simply this, sir. I have got Grace; and I want no money.

O'MEARA.—But, sir, you forget! This is absolutely intolerable! You imply that—that there is something wrong—that I have come by my money dishonestly; that—that—this is an intolerable insult! Coachman, turn the horses heads around!

GRACE.—Oh, pap, don't, please! . If ever we want it, we'll ask it of you.

O'MEARA.—That's not the question, Grace. It's this. That I, William O'Meara, of the Dublin Stock Exchange, married my daughter

to a penniless physician, and refused her dowry. Don't you know, sir, that it has always been understood in the city that my child had a handsome fortune?

LATOUCHE.—Look here, sir, I tell you it's all right. Please, for Gracie's sake, let us avoid a scene. Look at these people at the hall-door gaping. They feel there's something wrong.

O'MEARA.—And so there is, sir. Everything wrong. I don't want this d—d Quixotism, sir. My child has been brought up respectably, sir. I'm not going to let her sink into poverty up a flight of back-stairs in a London slum. By——no, sir, if I can help it. Why, it will be all over the City in the afternoon; and I can't lift my head.

GRACE.—No one knows anything, pap, but ourselves. Let it rest till we return, please do. Oh, say something, Frank, and let us go. Look how these people stare!

LATOUCHE (*testily*).—I have nothing more to say, Grace. It was understood between you and me that I took you for yourself; and no one else (*defiantly*) has a right to interfere!

O'MEARA.—Do you mean to say, sir, that a father has no right to interfere in his daughter's future? I won't stand it, sir. By —— I won't. Here, you fellows, drive straight to my office in Dame Street. I must see this thing settled before they depart. My reputation, my commercial standing in the City is at stake.

(Goes into the house, and issues orders.)

COACHMAN *(to Latouche)*.—To Dame Street, sir?

LATOUCHE *(peremptorily)*.—No, Westland Row, quick! *(To Grace)* We'll run down to Bray; and wait there for the evening boat.

COACHMAN *(to Fellow)*. Rum scene! 'Tisn't every day you see a fellow fighting like that.

FELLOW.—The old chap will come around, I bet!

COACHMAN.—No! He's come around already. 'Tis the young chap that's kicking against the tin.

FELLOW.—That *is* a rum one! Wish 'twas I! Steady, there, Ginger!

DIVIDED.

SCENE.—*A convent chapel. Eva in the centre of the choir after having taken her profession vows. Dr. and Mrs. Latouche in side aisles. Lilian, sitting far behind, alone and still in mourning for her father.*

CHOIR (*sings*).—Thou hast held me by Thy right hand ; and by Thy will Thou hast conducted me ; and with Thy glory hast Thou received me.

EVA.—For what have I in heaven ; and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth ? For Thee my flesh and my heart have fainted away. Thou art the God of my heart ; and the God that is my portion for ever.

CHOIR (*sings, after interval*).—The Empire of the world, and all the grandeur of earth have I despised for the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ,

whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and towards whom my heart inclineth.

EVA.—My heart hath uttered a good word. I speak my works to the King.

CHOIR.—Whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and to whom my heart inclineth.

EVA.—I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my Lord.

CHOIR.—Whom I have seen, whom I have known, in whom I have believed, and to whom my heart inclineth.

EVA.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!

CHOIR.—Whom I have seen, whom I have known, whom I have loved, and to whom my heart inclineth.

LATOCHE (*whispers to Grace*).—Can that be the little madcap we met in the train so many years ago?

GRACE.—Yes! That's Eva Farrell.

LATOCHE.—What a transformation! Why do you cry, Grace?

GRACE.—I am—so—happy.

LATOUCHE.—You don't envy that little tot, do you?

GRACE.—N—no!

(At the déjeuner the profession cake is solemnly blessed; and the newly professed comes in, and is led by the Mistress of Novices to the Bishop.)

LATOUCHE.—I can't believe it. Is it all on the outside?

GRACE.—She always had a vocation.

LATOUCHE.—I shouldn't be surprised now if Miss White— isn't she looking extremely pale? But that little piece of fireworks——

GRACE.—It is always these bright, cheerful girls that become nuns. Why do you think that Lilian should have become a nun?

LATOUCHE.—She has a nun's face.

GRACE.—I see it is haunting you still.

LATOUCHE.—'Sh, Grace, don't!

(Eva approaches, kisses Grace, and extends her hand to Latouche.)

EVA.—Two promises kept, Grace dear; Clotho and Lachësis are settled. What of Atröpos?

GRACE (*enthusiastically*).—You looked quite lovely in that bridal dress, Eva!

EVA.—I was very glad to shuffle it off, though.

GRACE.—And you made the responses perfectly. I actually cried.

EVA.—No? Why?

GRACE.—I don't know. I felt so very happy.

EVA.—So did I. Here's my little brother. What, Fred, you crying too! Take some of that nice cake, you bold boy; and shut up the wat——Oh, dear, me, I'm forgetting myself utterly.

FRED (*with his mouth full*).—May I take a slice for Fan, Evy?

EVA.—You may, dear, and two. Poor dear little Fan; I wish she had come. How is Jip, and Guess, and Loss?

FRED.—Stunning! But sure you'll never see them again, Evy.

EVA.—No matter, buddy. There they are, all the same. You've got a new bike?

FRED (*excited*).—I have—a scorcher, I tell *you*! New tyres, double action, pneumatic,

electroplated. But won't you ever ride again, Evy? Couldn't you run away still?

EVA.—Well, not easily now, perhaps.

FRED (*confidentially*).—Throw off them duds, and I'll borrow a bike for you, and we'll be home in a jiffy. Do!

EVA (*smiling*).—Not to-day, Fred. Do you like that cake?

FRED.—Rather. What's your new name, Evy? Mind, I'll never call you anything but Evy, mind!

EVA.—All right, Fred. My new name is "Felicitas". Do you know what that means?

FRED.—"Fel—i—ci—tas." "Fel" is the Latin for cat. No! Poison! What a horrid name!

EVA.—You bold, bad, lazy boy! Where's your Latin and your Greek? "Felicitas" is happiness!

FRED (*making a wry face*).—Felicitas—happiness! But you don't mean to say you can be happy here? Not a dog, nor a parrot, nor a good, rousing novel, nor caramels, nor your tennis-bat, nor your bike——

EVA.—All right, bud. But, tell me, are you minding the main point? Do you say your prayers?

FRED.—Do I? Don't I though? I do till my knees ache. Listen! Every morning besides the or'nary prayers that common people say, I say the Litany, and five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys for you, Eva——

EVA.—God bless my little man. And the "Memorare"?

FRED.—Yes. I never forget that.

EVA.—Show me your beads.

FRED (*struggling with his vest pocket, spills a glass of wine over a lady's dress near him*).—There, now, you wouldn't let me alone! I beg your pardon, ma'am. Evy, you are always getting me into a pie. Here they are——

EVA.—All right, old man. Allow me, madam, to soak up this wine. No! 'tis only sherry. There will be no stain. 'Twas my fault altogether!

LADY.—Never mind, Sister dear. And is this your brother? He must come and see me, and bring his beads, too.

FRED (*making a face*).—I shall—with great pleasure — when — we get our holidays — you know!

EVA.—There is a kind return for your awkwardness, Fred! I see pap is looking for me!

SCENE.—*The convent garden. A deep, shaded avenue. Eva and Lilian walking hand in hand.*

EVA.—Oh, Lil, Lil! Do, do!

LILIAN.—No use, dear! I must walk the way of life alone.

EVA.—Oh, dear, to think of Grace settled in opulence and happiness; and me here in the home of all that is beautiful and holy; and you, the sweetest and best of us all, turned out into the dreadful world!

LILIAN.—Well, it's God's will, dear, and we must be satisfied.

EVA.—But couldn't you try ever so little? I'm sure the vocation would come.

LILIAN.—No use, Eva, no use! You can't gather grapes off thistles, you know!

EVA.—Shame, Lil! And I heard one of the Fathers saying, that even if you came into religion without a specific vocation, God would give it in good time, if you were faithful.

LILIAN.—And if I weren't?

EVA.—You couldn't be unfaithful, Lil, if you tried. You would be our mistress and model of perfection in everything.

LILIAN.—Who'd take a poor, penniless girl like me?

EVA.—Who'd take you? Why every convent in Dublin would jump at you. I know it. I mustn't tell secrets out of school; but I did overhear one of the Mothers say: "Ah! if Lilian would only look our way!"

LILIAN.—Yes! I admit it is strange.

EVA.—What, Lil?

LILIAN. — That I should be the foolish Virgin, and "I know you not" so far my welcome!

EVA.—And I, the wise Virgin, with my lamp trimmed and ready, and admitted at once by the bridegroom! Oh, it is cruel, cruel! (*Weeps bitterly.*)

LILIAN.—Hush, dearest! These are not right sentiments on the day of your profession. You ought to be all gaiety and happiness; and exceedingly grateful!

EVA.—And so I am, Lil; but when I think of you——Oh, do, Lil, do come, and try your vocation! Sure you can only fail.

LILIAN.—No, no, dear! That's all over. Come now, dry your tears.

EVA.—I see now you *have* a tie in the world after all. There now, you are the crimson and pallid rose together. Surely 'tisn't that fellow!

LILIAN.—Hush!

EVA.—I gave him a bit of my mind at Grace's wedding, I can tell you!

LILIAN.—Oh, you little madcap. I hope you said nothing foolish!

EVA.—Nothing foolish, but a good deal mildly sarcastic. There's nothing these fellows dread so much as sarcasm, especially from girls. But here I am, madcap as usual. Shan't I get a jolly penance for all this uncharitableness? But, Lil!

LILIAN.—Well, dear?

EVA.—Do come. It would be heaven if you were here. If I could only see your sweet face once a day.

LILIAN.—You poor, little, loving being, you'll have infinitely better than me. There's your papa waiting for you at the end of the avenue. We must not keep him.

EVA.—Papa! No, papa is not so tall.

LILIAN.—Well, 'tis some gentleman waiting.

EVA.—So it is. Talk of the—Angels—and

they appear! 'Tis that horrid fellow we were speaking about. What does he want?

LILIAN (*frightened*).—Let us turn back, Eva. Quick! quick! Is there no way round?

EVA.—Alas! No. We are in a *cul-de-sac*!

LILIAN.—Could we break through here? There are only a few thorns.

EVA.—Yes, and my best serge habit in ribbons. We must face it, Lil!

LILIAN.—Oh, I can't! 'Tis horrible! Would you mind going on, and talking to him, Eva?

EVA.—Not in the least. But this is my profession day, you know——

LILIAN.—True, true! How selfish I am!

EVA.—Come along! We'll walk past, like Grenadiers at a Review!

LILIAN.—And talk quite loud, won't you?

EVA.—Leave that to me! (*Walking steadily past Fitzmaurice, and talking very determinedly.*) As I was saying, the music was perfect. I never liked that *Ave Maria* of Cherubini till to-day. But Sister Agatha rendered it superbly. But even to-day, my whole soul revolted at that *Te Deum*! The Gregorian is infinitely more beautiful than those tiresome repetitions——

LILIAN (*nervous and abstracted*).—The Gregorian?

EVA.—Yes, dear, why not? It's all a matter of taste, you know; and when we become habituated to it, it will sound——

FITZMAURICE (*very nervously*).—I beg your pardon, ladies!

EVA (*very loudly and determinedly*).—The literati, that is the esoterics, you know, who understand the hidden arcana of the soul of music, are now quite agreed——

FITZMAURICE (*from behind*).—I beg your pardon, ladies!

EVA (*sotto voce*).—He's like a tramp asking for a penny. Thank God! (*aloud*) that the music of the future is unquestionably the Gregorian; that is, when we understand how to sing it, as they do at Solesmes. Like other arts, this, too, has been lost——

FITZMAURICE.—One moment, please, Lil—Miss White!

EVA (*turning round fiercely*).—Did you speak to me?

FITZMAURICE.—N—no! I wanted just one word with Miss White. I'm sure I'm aw-

fully sorry for intruding on such an occasion, but——

EVA.—Miss White has an engagement at the convent. Perhaps you could see her at some more convenient time?

FITZMAURICE.—Perhaps Miss White would answer for herself. One word, Lil, only one!

EVA.—Do you wish, Lilian, to gratify this gentleman, or shall we move on?

FITZMAURICE.—I have but one word to say, Lilian; but it's important. No other opportunity may arise. I will not detain you.

LILIAN (*very pale and trembling*).—Wait for me a moment, Eva. (*To Fitzmaurice.*) Well, sir, what is your good pleasure?

FITZMAURICE (*pulling his moustache to pieces*).—I'm sure I don't know how to approach it; but, Lil, if you could forget my folly and—baseness—I admit it is hard, but you could try; and I would make up for all.

LILIAN.—Is that all, sir?

FITZMAURICE.—As I said in my letter, which I'm sure you received, although you never condescended to reply, it was not my own initiative. It was the foolish pride of my aunt, from whom,

you know, I have everything to expect. In a moment of weakness I yielded, and then tore out my heart in remorse and shame. Say, let bygones be bygones, and forgive!

LILIAN.—Is that all, sir?

FITZMAURICE.—That's all. Lil, this is not like you. You are stifling your own heart-throbs, and doing violence to your best feelings!

EVA (*from a distance*).—Lil, hurry up. There's the bell. Come, or I shall be going.

FITZMAURICE.—Once more, Lil, forgive and forget! And let us be as we were!

EVA.—Come, Lil, not a moment to lose!

FITZMAURICE.—Hang that little spitfire! She's always brewing mischief!

LILIAN.—I must be going, sir; and I wish to bid you—Good-day!

FITZMAURICE.—For God's sake, Lil, don't blast both our lives for a whim. Say, come or write! Do, for your dead father's sake!

LILIAN (*bridling up*).—How dare you mention my poor father, sir? you, who—
Go, sir, go! Let me never see your face again! (*Fitzmaurice departs dejectedly.*)

EVA (*coming up*).—Got his *congé*? Quite right. Oh, Lil, I thought you were yielding; and I'd never forgive you!

LILIAN.—Yes! I dismissed him summarily; but (*bursting into a paroxysm of tears*) what a horrible world it is. Oh, that I were dead! dead!

OSCAR LEHMANN'S STUDIO.

SCENE.—*Painter's studio in Paris. Pictures, busts, easels, etc., all around. Oscar Lehmann and Dr. Latouche smoking.*

LEHMANN.—So you've taken the great plunge?

LATOUCHE.—Ay, mon ami. It's before us all; and the sooner we get through the better.

LEHMANN.—Perhaps so. But I'm sorry you didn't enjoy your liberty longer.

LATOUCHE.—The fetters are not very galling. The area of life is circumscribed, that's all. And, then, it's a tremendous help; you pull life's chariot in double harness, you know.

LEHMANN.—Of course. And you have brought over one of your little red Irish wild flowers to wilt and wither in London smoke.

LATOUCHE.—Now, now, Oscar, that won't do! You come to see us in London, and judge of the withering yourself. What are you doing now?

LEHMANN.—Now? Just nothing. I've had an experience; and an inspiration. Then three or four weeks' intoxication; and am well washed out.

LATOUCHE.—Had you the horrors?

LEHMANN.—Bad. (*Going over and uncovering a picture with great care.*) Look!

LATOUCHE (*starting back, astonished*).—By Jove, they *were* bad. Where have I seen that face? In a dream, a picture. Where?

LEHMANN.—No, friend! You never saw it. It was only a scrap of a dream that broke through memory.

LATOUCHE.—If you had turned the profile a little more. But I can only guess. Yet, that long black hair, and drooping eyes! Where? Where?

LEHMANN.—What do you think of it?

LATOUCHE.—Beautiful beyond praise! 'Tis your best work, Lehmann. You'll never beat it. You must have been hopelessly drunk.

LEHMANN.—Ay! Very much so. I am suffering still from the delirium. But you are wrong. 'Tis not my best work by half. Prepare for another surprise. (*Goes over to another veiled picture.*)

LATOCHE (*lingering over the first*).—What have you called this, by the way?

LEHMANN.—I'm a bad hand at names. But I have called it "Evening on Calvary".

LATOCHE.—You renegade Jew! How dare you abandon the tradition of your fathers, and paint a Christian subject? Rabbi ben Ezra, and Mashish, and Benedetto Leheroth will rise from their graves to smite you. Why, you'll eat pork next.

LEHMANN.—Ah, my dear fellow, Art knows no distinction. I thought of our Hebrew women; but they were all too grand and majestic. You cannot imagine a Hebrew woman in despair. They are all Judiths and Esthers. I wanted something tender.

LATOCHE.—What about little Ruth?

LEHMANN.—Right! But Ruth is love: this, despair and sorrow. Your Gospels run up the gamut of all human feeling. The spirit of Art is at home in every page. Now, look at this! (*Moves the picture around to a better light.*) There!

LATOCHE (*flinging down his cigar*).—Good God! that is horrible. Where did you get it,

Lehmann? I swear I saw that face before. It's the same.

LEHMANN.—Of course it is. This is the full face. That's the profile. That's all!

LATOUCHE.—But I tell you I know that face. I have seen it. I *have* seen it!

LEHMANN.—You are either very complimentary or the reverse, Latouche! If you have seen the face in life, you praise my faithful brush. If in a gallery, you accuse me of copying; and I never forgive that.

LATOUCHE (*dreamily calling on memory*).—No, no! No copying! no gallery! You have drawn from life; and I have seen it. I tell you I have.

LEHMANN.—Well, old fellow, I've too much to do just now without a duel on my hands. Besides, they shake. But you never saw that lady. What do you think of it?

LATOUCHE.—Think of it? It's glorious, fearful, maddening. It's one of the spirits that followed Francesca on the brown air of Hell. It's Beatrice Cenci going to execution. It's Judith's servant looking at the head of Holofernes in the basket. It's Charlotte Corday, when she

struck Marat and her woman's heart failed her.
It's—it's——

LEHMANN.—Never mind! Do you retract what you said about the first picture?

LATOUCHE.—What?

LEHMANN.—That it was my masterpiece.

LATOUCHE.—I do willingly. This is your masterpiece—the *chef-d'œuvre* of the century, my dear fellow. It would give my little Grace a fit.

LEHMANN.—All right! Coffee and cigars; but no pistols this time! (*Touches a bell.*) Would you like to hear the story?

LATOUCHE.—Like? My dear fellow, is there a story? Stop! Quick thy tablets, memory!

LEHMANN.—Here, light up. Cognac or Lerina?

LATOUCHE.—Cognac! But, for God's sake, cover that picture, Lehmann; or I shall have a fit of epilepsy!

LEHMANN.—Thanks, very much! (*Covers the picture.*) You understand now my intoxication!

LATOUCHE.—I do! You have escaped the madhouse by a miracle. I couldn't have that

picture in my brain for twenty-four hours without going stark mad.

LEHMANN.—What if you had seen the original, and witnessed the tragedy?

LATOUCHE.—Go on, my dear fellow, I'm all ears. Talk quickly to get the awful thing off my retina.

LEHMANN (*closing the door and locking it*).—It happened thus. Now, don't be disappointed, for it is very simple; and I'm a bad hand at word painting.

LATOUCHE.—Go on! go on! you're brutal in your passion for compliments.

LEHMANN.—I was out of sorts, drained to the dregs for inspiration. I called on all my gods, but they were deaf. I haunted the galleries. It was quite clear that all human and Divine subjects had been used up by our tribe. I walked the slums, I studied chiffonniers, grisettes, and all the other subjects. I drank. Then I took laudanum. Visions came, but my hand shook. It was no use. I sobered down and became a virtuous citizen again. One day I was in Dalmaine's diggings. He had just got another pupil, and a promising one. That's she! (*Pointing to the covered picture.*)

LATOCHE (*rising up anxiously*).—From Ireland?

LEHMANN.—No, my dear fellow! I admit that all the goddesses of Helicon and Olympus did migrate to the Green Isle, when driven by Roman barbarism from Greece; but this, their descendant, is an alien. She was from Russia!

LATOCHE.—Her name?

LEHMANN.—Olga Varinski! Do you discern some cryptic Irish in that?

LATOCHE (*resignedly*).—No! Go on.

LEHMANN.—Well, a few days later, Dalmaine and his young pupil visited these humble diggings. I think I was kind. I showed them everything. They went away. Some weeks later, Olga called alone. She wished to see some casts and chalk sketches which I had accomplished in the days of my adolescence. She took some with her, sketched others, and departed. A few days later, talking with Dalmaine, he casually mentioned that Leroux had asked Mam'selle Varinski to sit to him as a model for the mother of Napoleon. He wants to beat that Canova, you know. She demurred a little.

She was a student, she said, not a model. But this was a great honour; so she gave him some sittings, always with reluctance, however. It appears that these peculiar people, called Catholics——

LATOUCHE (*promptly*). — I'm a Catholic, Lehmann.

LEHMANN (*surprised*).—No! who'd ever have suspected it? Well, you know best. As I was saying, these delightful people called Catholics hold strong and strange ideas about Art, about models, etc.

LATOUCHE.—Rather! Go on.

LEHMANN.—However, the matter was all right. He made a superb cast, and swears the Duke will break his Canova with a hammer when he sees it. Then M—— got a few sittings; but Mademoiselle was very shy. Then she fled. Then the passion for art, or perhaps the *res angustæ*, from which all the great and beautiful suffer, prevailed; and she was back at Dalmaine's again. Well, she called here a few times—sometimes with messages from Dalmaine, sometimes about a cast or a sketch, for she is an artist, I can tell you. But she affects reli-

gious subjects; and they don't pay, you know, in this degenerate age. She was advised to go to Italy, all expenses paid, I shan't say by whom. She made up her mind. Italia! Italia! It put her in an ecstasy. "The skies rain Art; the earth buds forth Art; the rivers talk Art; the mountains dream Art! Don't tell me the Italians have the old Roman savage blood! They're Greeks, Greeks, etc." You know the rhapsody. Well, my chance had come at last. When I saw her kindling eyes and face, I lost myself utterly; the old madness or inspiration came back; I felt my fingers tingling for the brush; and I asked her, in a stammering way, for two sittings, two sittings only.

LATOUCHE.—What was your idea?

LEHMANN (*confused*).—Idea? Well, it was a classical subject—Proserpine. Don't look cross, Latouche, or that duel must come off; and, if it does, no French duel, I assure you!

LATOUCHE.—Go on. You were drunk, or the devil inspired you!

LEHMANN (*annoyed*).—What is it to you?

You seem to have a personal interest in the *incognita*!

LATOUCHE.—Go on, or we'll quarrel. Wonder you didn't call her Cotyto!

LEHMANN.—But I did. I explained all about Atröpos, the servant and handmaiden of Proserpine.

LATOUCHE.—Good heavens! You were hopelessly drunk!

LEHMANN.—Shall I go on?

LATOUCHE.—Yes, yes! I'll explain. You cannot understand, my dear fellow!

LEHMANN.—Well, I lost my Proserpine, but I gained these two. The girl looked at me for a moment like a frightened fawn; then she fell grovelling on the ground, like this Magdalen here, grasping her hair behind, like this, and moaning, "Oh, Father! Father!" I was utterly taken aback. I came over and apologised, and tried to raise her. She warned me away, and moaned and moaned in helpless agony.

LATOUCHE (*deeply moved*).—I never thought you could be such a brute, Lehmann!

LEHMANN.—Stop that, Latouche! I swear

by all my fathers that I was as innocent of any intention to insult as you are.

LATOCHE.—Go on.

LEHMANN.—I apologised, humbled myself, grovelled in the dust before her, before that girl, whom, at another time, I would not even have noticed. Then I saw it was no use. I simply sat down and sketched her.

LATOCHE.—Oh, Lehmann, you're a pig, you are!

LEHMANN.—Well, the moment she saw that, she rose to her feet; and I thought she would challenge me, like a Siddons, or a Roland. No! She put her hands to her ears, just as you see there, to keep out my protestations of regret; and with that awful look of horror, she passed from the room. There she is! I lost Ceres; but I gained a something immortal. What shall I call it?

LATOCHE.—I wouldn't purchase the reputation of David with such an experience.

LEHMANN.—Well, Art is worth purchasing.

LATOCHE.—Say you were drunk, and I'll forgive you!

LEHMANN.—No, I wasn't. You know me well, Latouche. But what is it all about?

LATOUCHE.—All what?

LEHMANN.—All this nonsense and prudery.

LATOUCHE.—I should be speaking an unknown language.

LEHMANN.—I'll do my best to understand.

LATOUCHE.—But what has become of Made-moiselle?

LEHMANN.—Gone! Vanished! No one knows where.

LATOUCHE.—You were asking something?

LEHMANN.—Was I? Oh, yes! What is it all about? Why is such a fuss made about nothing?

LATOUCHE.—About nothing. Nothing is everything, my dear fellow.

LEHMANN.—Well, look here! Let us think it out. Some more coffee? No! Well, now, I can understand the ancient Greeks. To them the human form was the masterpiece of Gods (which they re-created in marble), who then broke it up for their pastime, and it was no more. I can also understand your science, which says: "Yes, all this ethereal beauty is a little dust and water, and no more". But I cannot understand you, who try to make Sacro-

sanct what is so frail and transient, especially as your own writers have made it out everything vile and despicable.

LATOUCHE.—You pass from Art to Philosophy rather abruptly, Lehmann!

LEHMANN.—But Art is Philosophy, my dear fellow. Now, look here, where does the sacrilege come in? Science analyses, and says: Fibre and water! Religion rips up all that is outwardly fair and beautiful, and says: Fætor and slime! If this be so, where does the Sacrosanct come in? Art alone idealises, immortalises, and makes holy.

LATOUCHE.—You're quite mistaken in one assumption, Lehmann! The human form, with us, if ephemeral and fading, is the casket of the divine. Now, we conceal, out of reverence, all that is holy. It is the tradition of the Orient. Mark how the Moslem women conceal themselves from head to foot; and these women have no souls, you know, according to their belief. It is sacrilege to lift one of their veils. You remember Hugo—the pathetic words of the sister in *Le Voile*:—

Vous faut-il du sang? Sur votre âme
Mes frères, *il n'a pu me voir!*
Grace! tûrez-vous une femme
Faible et nue en votre pouvoir?

And the savage reply of the brother :—

Le soleil était rouge à son coucher ce soir!

Well, we have inherited that Oriental tradition, intensified by our own revelation. All that is holy in our faith is wrapped up and concealed. Our priests wear long vestments, doubled and folded, and increased according to their dignity. Our nuns are wrapped up from all human sight. The holier the Order, the stricter the envelopments, until they denote absolute seclusion in the Carmelites and others. Then we reach the culmination in the Holy of Holies, where veil after veil conceals the Sacrosanct. So, *e contra*, every revelation of the human form we regard with abhorrence as a sacrilege. The Occident, of which you Parisians are the interpreters, tears the veil from everything, and flings reverence and modesty to the winds.

LEHMANN.—Wait a moment. You go too fast. I can't understand.

LATOUCHE.—I say your estimate of womanhood and ours is as wide asunder as the poles. You could never understand us. Come, see Gracie ; and you'll begin your conversion. But that poor girl ! What became of her ?

LEHMANN.—Gone ! Vanished ! Fled ! Back to some woolly Cossack of the Don, or to——

LATOUCHE.—How do you feel over it ?

LEHMANN.—Well, I've got two masterpieces.

LATOUCHE.—But you've lost your immortal soul.

LEHMANN.—Well, to be candid, Latouche, there is something here (*tapping his forehead*) that suggests crime. I have purchased a holy thing at a low price. To be candid, I'd burn these two canvasses for one chance of kneeling down, and obtaining her forgiveness.

LATOUCHE.—God bless you ! I knew you were always right.

LEHMANN (*stretches out his hand to his friend. After a long reverie*).—Well, there they are. If ever I meet the original, she shall have the refusal of them.

LATOUCHE.—Meanwhile, lend me one !

LEHMANN.—Which ?

LATOUCHE.—This, the unnamed,

LEHMANN.—But your wife?

LATOUCHE.—She'll never see it. I'll lock and double lock it. A few artists shall see it ; and, mayhap, the buff walls of the Academy. What's your price, if I can get a purchaser?

LEHMANN.—Two thousand. No less.

LATOUCHE.—'Tis too little! But you'll never part with it. Mark that!

LEHMANN.—Well, take it, Latouche, for six months. By the way, I cannot let it go unbaptised, if I am a Jew. Can you suggest a name?

LATOUCHE.—There never has been anything like it. I cannot.

LEHMANN.—What would you think of "Despair"?

LATOUCHE.—No! 'tis not despair. 'Tis horror ; and no sane man would place that under a picture.

LEHMANN.—"Cassandra?"

LATOUCHE.—Ridiculous!

LEHMANN.—"Hypatia?"

LATOUCHE.—Worse and worse!

LEHMANN.—"Siddons as Lady Macbeth?"

LATOCHE.—Mon Dieu! You are going down into awful depths. Here, I have it. Quick! Give me a sheet of paper? (*Writes.*)

LEHMANN (*looking over his shoulder, reads*).—
"Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise!"

NURSE LILIAN.

SCENE.—*Dr. Latouche's house in Harley Street.
Leading London physicians in consultation.
Fitzmaurice fully qualified, but attending
London lectures—anæsthetist.*

GRACE (*delirious*).—No! no! It wasn't my fault. Indeed, it wasn't. How could I help it? (*Sings*)

There was a King in Thule.

Oh, no! That's simply detestable. I'm so sorry I ever read it. Don't blame me, Frank; don't, dear! I did love you, but——

LATOUCHE (*crying softly*).—Of course, you did, dearest, and do! There, now, rest and be composed! All will be right soon!

GRACE.—'Twas papa! Indeed it was! Why! why! Is that you, Frank? (*Looks at him in a foolish manner, and then lapses into delirium.*) You look so old; and you're crying. Men don't cry, nor suffer pain. That's for us, girls!

LATOCHE.—There, now, dearest ! Dr. Agnew is here ; and he'll make you all right soon !

GRACE.—Agnew ? Sister Agnes ? Ah, yes ! I knew her, a little wee nun, with great, big, brown eyes. But, Lil, dear, I do dislike that Eva Farrell. Not hate, you know ; that would be wrong. We were in the boat together, and she said : Frank, dear, you are not going away, are you ? Not ladylike, you know. Holy Mary, dearest Mother—Oh, I could pray once. How was it ? "Sacred heart"—"Home to our mountains !" I say 'tis *decidedly* vulgar. No lady would dream of such things. Lil, whisper !

LATOCHE.—I wish she could, and that she were here !

FITZMAURICE (*coming in*).—Who ?

LATOCHE.—Lilian White, your old flame, Fitz, and Grace's best friend.

FITZMAURICE.—But you know, don't you ?

LATOCHE.—Know what ?

FITZMAURICE.—All about that affair between O'Meara and White. Perhaps it would be better——

LATOCHE.—Better what ?

FITZMAURICE.—Better that Miss White should not be called in.

LATOUCHE.—Called in? Why, where is she?

FITZMAURICE.—Why, here at St. Thomas's—a nurse.

LATOUCHE.—Then she shall come and nurse Grace back to life. You're a good fellow, Fitz. Why, one touch of her saint's fingers will cure poor Gracie. *(The doctors come in.)*

DR. AGNEW.—We have decided, Latouche. The case is very critical. In fact, there's but one chance.

LATOUCHE.—Gentlemen, I leave my wife absolutely in your hands.

DR. AGNEW.—We would require another skilled nurse—a sympathetic one, if all goes well.

LATOUCHE.—That's an inspiration. Fitzmaurice tells me there is an old schoolmate of my wife's at St. Thomas's.

DR. AGNEW.—Then have her fetched at once.

(A few hours later. Doctors grouped around the bed. Fitzmaurice about to apply the chloroform. Latouche dashes forward and seizes the apparatus.)

LATOUCHE.—Allow me, Fitzmaurice. I have more experience. And when she wakes she must see me first. It is critical. Her heart is very weak.

FITZMAURICE (*evidently annoyed*).—All right! But a husband is not the best help under such circumstances.

LATOUCHE (*with quick suspicion*).—Why?

FITZMAURICE.—He—is—too—too—anxious!

(*The operation proceeds. Lilian, watching and anxious, keeps her eyes fixed on the face of the patient. Then, noticing something, she darts forward.*)

LILIAN.—Quick! quick! Doctor, brandy! quick! She's dying! (*dashes cold water on Grace.*) There, thank God!

DR. AGNEW.—'Twas touch and go! You were awkward, Latouche! The nurse has saved your wife's life. All right, now! Leave her in Miss White's hands. I shouldn't have left you in the room, though you are the best surgeon in London. (*Later in the day.*)

LILIAN (*anxiously*).—I must go. Indeed, I must, Doctor Latouche! I have a most pressing engagement. And Grace is quite well now.

She must not know I was here. There are reasons——

LATOUCHE.—I really must ask you to remain, Miss White. You heard what Dr. Agnew said.

LILIAN.—Yes, yes! But I really must go at once. The other nurse can manage well enough now. I am quite positive there is no danger.

LATOUCHE (*mortified*).—It seems unkind; but I cannot insist further. Would you please leave minute directions with the Sister—Oh! I see all now. 'Tis that Fitzmaurice. Well, I cannot blame you. But he's gone.

LILIAN.—Indeed, you quite misunderstand. It is not the place for explanations. I shall have a word with the Sister; and all will be right.

LATOUCHE.—I suppose so. It's the inevitable. But if you could only understand how very dear my wife is to me, Miss White, you wouldn't—well, I must not press the matter. At least, you'll accept this trifle for services that cannot be valued.

LILIAN.—Thanks, no! You can arrange with the superintendent.

GRACE (*regaining consciousness*).—Where am I? Oh, how my head aches! And that horrid taste! What is it? I thought I saw Lil White. I had a horrid dream. It was only a dream. And here we are really at the dear old College——

LATOUCHE.—No, dearest! You have been very ill; but now all is right. Keep very still!

GRACE.—'Twas a horrid dream! Oh, I'm so glad 'twas but a dream.

LATOUCHE.—Keep very quiet, dearest! Don't speak at all. Try this!

GRACE.—Then it's not the College! And you? Are we married, Frank? And where are we? We had no silk hangings at the College. And that cabinet and mirrors! Oh, I see it all now. It was not a dream. And yet I thought Lil was here; and that she stooped over me, and I felt her cool, sweet, strong hand. (*Weeps softly.*)

LATOUCHE.—There, cry freely, Grace. It will help you; and you will sob yourself away to sleep.

(*After an interval of great quiet, Grace falls into a deep sleep.*)

LATOUCHE (*watching her*).—It was a poor thing of that great paragon of perfection, after all. Surely she should have forgiven in such a crisis! But women never forgive! I suppose she envies poor little Grace—God help us all!—and thinks that all this wealth and happiness was purchased with her father's bankruptcy. Well, after all, 'tis a rankling memory enough. Oh, that infernal money. Who the d—— invented it? Never heard. Then I suppose it must have been the d—— himself. (*A pause.*) Perhaps I'm doing her an injustice though. Perhaps she fled from that cad. I utterly dislike that fellow. I fear him. So does Lilian evidently. There's something slimy about him. When a man does not look you in the face, you know, and seems always nervous and afraid, it is conscience as much as the cerebro-spinal axis. But imagine Miss White in London—a nurse; and I took that awful picture for her. How our fancies run away with us!

GRACE (*waking uneasily*).—Nurse! Frank!

LATOUCHE.—Well, dear?

GRACE.—I feel better.

LATOUCHE.—And you are better. Now I can leave you for a few hours.

GRACE.—Frank!

LATOUCHE.—Well, dear?

GRACE.—Don't go! I'm nervous.

LATOUCHE.—You're all right now, dear. I'll call Sister Edith and she'll remain with you.

GRACE.—And you won't be long away?

LATOUCHE.—I'll make my visits as brief as possible.

GRACE.—You don't think I'm going to die, Frank?

LATOUCHE.—God forbid, Grace. What put such a horrible idea in your head?

GRACE.—I know I have been very ill; but I'm not to die this time, because Lil and Eva are to be with me when I die. That was our engagement. They have been with me at my marriage and at Eva's profession; and I know they shall be with me when I'm dying. But don't delay, Frank. I shall be counting the minutes till you return.

LATOUCHE.—Never fear, dearest. Au revoir!
(*Goes out.*) We never know our wealth, but

when we are parting from it! I never knew what a sweet, tender little heart I had wedded, until—— (*Takes out his handkerchief.*)

(*Surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital.*)

DR. AGNEW (*arranging his instruments in a case*).—Yes! 'Twas touch and go. I never saw such a shave!

FITZMAURICE (*putting up some bottles*).—His hand shook.

DR. AGNEW.—He's a steady fellow, I thought.

FITZMAURICE.—Ye—e—es! But, you know, so many steady fellows make a fatal plunge. Then, it is found to be a *mésalliance*, incompatibility of temper, etc., etc. Then loneliness, solitude, black looks, etc., etc.; then, the bottle; then the chlor——

DR. AGNEW (*severely*).—You appear, young sir, to have a lively and rather lurid imagination. Suicides are not so frequent in the profession. We keep pretty cool heads.

FITZMAURICE.—Oh, I didn't suggest suicide.

DR. AGNEW.—What, then?

FITZMAURICE.—Only that the hand shakes; and then it is touch and go.

DR. AGNEW.—I don't quite understand you.

LILIAN (*entering with lint, bottles, etc.*).—Your patient was so much better, I left her in charge of Sister Edith.

DR. AGNEW (*looking around.*)—What? what?

LILIAN. — Mrs. Latouche is almost quite well.

DR. AGNEW.—Then, 'tis a miracle.

LILIAN.—I think when she recovered consciousness, and saw her husband's extraordinary solicitude and affection, it dragged her back from the grave.

DR. AGNEW.—Orpheus and Eurydice! Eh?

LILIAN.—Yes! They are most deeply attached to each other.

DR. AGNEW (*wiping his hands*).—Well, well! But it was critical! (*Exit.*)

LILIAN (*turning to Fitzmaurice with flashing eyes*).—What shall I say to you? I overheard you.

FITZMAURICE.—Nothing! Only look that way always. You are divine!

LILIAN.—You are a liar and a calumniator! I should have known you sooner. Some day you'll receive your deserts.

FITZMAURICE.—Thanks, Lilian! I knew you would give me your promise, sooner or later.

LILIAN.—I cannot tell you how much I despise you; and despise myself for once—liking you. But, mark you, one word from me will get you turned adrift from here!

SOLILOQUIES.

SCENE.—*Sister Felicitas (Eva) in her cell.*

EVA (*singing*):—

Light to the earth,
The sun to the dew,
Day at its birth,
The night's adieu!
The song to the rill,
The lark to the sod,
The roe to the hill,
And I—to God!

Well, well, well! What a happy little nun I am, to be sure! What did I ever do, I wonder, that God should have been so good to me? Did I ever do anything good or gracious? Well I did—a little! I saved Mrs. Langford's cat from those young urchins; and I tidied up the house for old Mammy Townsend; and I kept the Lady Altar nice for Father Dillon; and I nursed Freddy's whitlow and cleaned his bike

when he was wounded; and I stood up for Lottie Holmes against all the girls, though I laughed at her myself; and I cut the string May Markham had tied to Mr. Murray's wig; and I forgive Gracie all her grandeur; and I did—I did—I did, and do love—Lil. Poor, dear, old Lil! I wonder shall I ever hear from or see her again! (*A knock.*)

LAY SISTER.—Rev. Mother bade me give you this, Sister!

EVA (*taking and examining the letter*).—Talk of angels! Oh, Lil, Lil, Lil, dearest, sweetest friend! How shall I ever open it? Is it good or bad news? Good, of course; otherwise my dearest would never have written. For Lil could not pain any one, least of all her little nun. Oh, Lil, Lil, I'm so much afraid! I'll put it in St. Antony's hands first! There! Now, St. Antony, by all that I ever have done for you, make it good!

(*Opens and reads.*)

“After many experiences and trials” (poor Lil), “here am I, a surgical nurse in a London Hospital.” (Imagine! Lil, a nurse! Well, she's a pretty one, that's certain! How I

should like to see her in her cap and apron. But, oh, darling Lil, a nurse! (*Weeps.*) Well, it wasn't all we expected.) "I am extremely happy. I love my work, and, as it is all done for God, it makes it very light." (There spoke my darling.) "The doctors are kind, especially one grand old saint, with a fleece of white hair—I always say he's more like a priest than a doctor. He is ever so polite, and treats me like a daughter. Then the patients are also nice. But oh, Evy, Evy, what misery there is in this awful world! And what suffering! Of course, you get used to everything; but it is heart-rending to witness the agonies of strong men; and most of all, the pains of little children! But it is wonderful what science can do; and how gentle, and patient, and anxious are all the doctors and students. It is a noble vocation. The nurses, too, are kind and very courteous. They say I'm not Irish; but I protest. They've such strange notions about us. Lately I had a private patient—whom do you think? Dear, beautiful Grace! She was very ill indeed. But *we*, mind I underline the *we*, pulled her through. But, oh! such an escape. She has

a most devoted husband. The look of agony on his face was indescribable when the crisis had come. Strange, they never thought of sending for a priest till all was ended. Then I reproached myself and Dr. Latouche. But, somehow, the supernatural does not seem to exist here, as in Ireland. Dear old Ireland! Oh, why, why, dear Eva, do they ever leave us, Irish girls, away from the motherland? They seem to have no conception of the outer world, nor what we have to pass through and experience. And now, dearest, how are you? Do you ever thank God for keeping you in Ireland, and placing you where you are? Never enough, believe me! Remember this poor waif, *Coram Sanctissimo*, as dear old Father Ailbe would say. Ever and ever and ever, Yours, etc."

(Lets the letter fall to the ground, and remains a long time in reflection.)

"Remember this poor waif!" As if I ever forgot her! But there is an undertone of sadness somewhere there. Poor Lil! I wonder what she has passed through? "Never thank God enough!" I know that well. He has

been infinitely good. But I will, I will, I will!

*(Falls on her knees and prays earnestly
before her crucifix.)*

*(Later in the day, Eva, in her cell, back
from the drudgery of the schools.)*

EVA (*sings*):—

The roe to the hill,
The deer to the glade,
Unresting still
In the dappled shade ;
Tired is the lark
Of her dewy nest,
Light dreams to dark,
And earth seeks rest !

Well now, well now, I really must give up dreaming. Work, work, work! Ah me, these schools! I suppose I should have kept my temper better. But that little minx was insolent. How can we ever subdue these fierce young Irish? They turn on you like a cat or a cobra, and sting and bite; and then come kissing and crying to make all right. Let me see now. Here is that lesson in Algebra. It is quite clear these Arabians hadn't much to do,

when they invented these puzzles for poor little children. $A^2 + B^2 = \frac{A}{.001} \times \frac{B^2}{.0001}$! Was there ever such worry and nonsense? Can't they let us, poor little nuns, say our prayers and nurse the sick, and love our little children, instead of all this grinding? And this horrid German, "to him who these seven staves off-breaks, pay I a hundred great dollars cash". *Donner und blitzen*—but it is very pad. (*A knock.*)

LAY SISTER.—Sister Felicitas, Rev. Mother sends me to say that a gentleman, like a foreigner, wishes to see you on some important matter in the parlour. You're to take Sister Agatha with you, as Reverend Mother is just now holding chapter. (*Departs.*)

EVA.—A foreign gentleman? I don't know any foreigner. Surely pap paid that detestable, ahem, Monsieur Lafarge, for my music and French. I know he did. Some poor needy fellow, I suppose, who has heard of my boundless wealth and exuberant charity! Or, perhaps, it is the Shah who wants to open a branch in Ispahan. That would be nice. Well, here goes. How is my guimpe, I wonder? Why in the

world don't they allow us one square inch of looking-glass? I suppose I'm a fright. What shall I do, if he speaks in French or German? Is it that your great-great-grandmother the book gave to nephew-in-law mine? The horse white, is he to your brother or uncle? Comment?

STRANGER (*to Eva on entering*).—I haf the honnare to addresser Mees Eva O'Varrelle!

EVA (*looking him steadily in the face*).—That was my name in the world.

STRANGER (*bending down to catch the word*).—In the world? Tout le monde? Everybody? I understandht. Well, I am commissioné to ask Mees O'Varrelle fedder she did not know a laddie, name Olga Varinski.

EVA (*surprised*).—Olga Varinski? Never. There is some mistake!

STRANGER.—Meestak? No, no! She lived in Paree—a beautiful laddie.

EVA.—That's not distinctive. But unless I met the young lady in a novel, I never met her otherwise.

STRANGER.—Pardon! Je ne vous comprends pas. I speak the Ingleese so bad.

EVA.—On the contrary, you're a most accomplished linguist. But I know nothing of this lady.

STRANGER.—Nozzin of Olga? Nozzin? There is some meestak. Lehmann, my friend, writes me from Paree, Vind out Mees O'Varrelle und say : Olga has disappeared—s'évanouit. Eef she express soorprize, all's vhell ! Eef she seem stoopid——

EVA.—That's just it. Tell your friend I'm most decidedly stupid.

SISTER AGATHA (*warningly*).—Sister !

STRANGER. — No, it is not stoopid. It is an—differong. N'est - ce pas ? That's joost eet !

EVA.—“Stupid” is so much better. Tell your friend that Miss Eva O'Farrell was decidedly stupid—that's the correct word. He'll understand.

STRANGER.—He'll be very disappoint——

EVA.—Oh ! he'll get over it. He won't run into a decline this time.

STRANGER.—Degline this time ? Yes. Var' well. I'll tell him so. Au revoir ! I—see you again.

EVA.—Au revoir ! I'm sure I hope not. Au revoir, Monsieur. (*Monsieur departs.*)

EVA.—Did any one ever hear anything so utterly stupid. A Russian girl, with her hair all brushed back from her narrow forehead, turns up in Paris, and disappears suddenly ; and of all people on earth, Eva O'Farrell is supposed to have her in hiding. Well, well, what next ?

(*Later in the evening.*)

EVA (*in her cell, sings*) :—

I, too, shall tire
Of the weary round ;
How the hours expire ;
Not a sigh, nor sound.
Let me awake
Whilst day's abroad,
For thy sweet sake,
My king ! my God !

Well, 'tis a long lane has no turning ; and a long day that has no evening ! It was long, counted by minutes. But how they flee ! Let me see what notch I have made in the wheel of eternity ! Prayed a little, served a little, fretted a little, scolded a little. But who knows aught of our little things ? The yeast of love makes

the bread of God to grow and swell. And after all, a letter from Lil is an event, to say nozzin of my forane veesitor. Olga! Olga! What a name! Poor child—disappeared! Think of it. In Paris—disappeared! Into the river perhaps, or—(*shudders*) Lord, how good Thou art to Thy little child! What can I do for Thee? Love, love, love! Well, Thou hast it. And now, the day is over—— (*A knock.*)

LAY SISTER.—Rev. Mother desires to see Sister Felicitas on important business for a moment.

EVA.—What? So late?

LAY SISTER.—She wishes you to come immediately to her room.

(*In Reverend Mother's cell.*)

REV. M.—Sister, it is rather late to summon you; but the Chapter has but just concluded. Are you tired of us?

EVA (*in great alarm*).—Tired, Mother? Why, I'm the happiest nun in Ireland.

REV. M.—Well, then, can you make a sacrifice?

EVA (*alarmed*).—I should hope so, Reverend Mother, if God should command through you.

REV. M.—Well, to be brief. We have been called upon to open a branch of our Institute in London. We can only spare four sisters. They must volunteer. We cannot ask them to go under obedience, for the work is hard.

EVA.—You mean, dearest Mother, shall I go?

REV. M.—Yes. But remember it is perfectly voluntary.

EVA.—Whatever you please, Mother. If you think it well.

REV. M.—Well, then, shall I say go?

EVA.—By all means, Mother, if you please. (*In her cell.*) Well, well, wonders will never cease! A letter from Lil, a visit from a foreigner, exile, all in one day, and utterly unexpected. London! London! The mighty wilderness! And a little Irish nun to keep the love of God alive in a few hearts. Who'd ever think it? Well, it's God's holy will, and that's enough for me. Pap won't like it, and Freddy will cry, but no matter. It's God's will, and did not I, weak little heart, vow my vows to the Lord? And—and—I may see Lil!

(*Sings softly.*)

Lo, the night falls,
This is the night,
Shielding my soul
From the fretful light.
Far she despatches
Her wards o'er the deep ;
Stars to your watches,
I—to sleep !

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

SCENE. — *Grace, convalescent but depressed.
Chatting with her nurse, Sister Edith.*

GRACE.—Dear me! And I was quite unconscious, Sister?

SISTER EDITH.—You were, quite. Of course, every one is unconscious under chloroform. But your condition aggravated it.

GRACE.—I suppose so. I went near dying?

SISTER EDITH.—Yes! But a miss is as good as a mile, as the saying is.

GRACE.—Would it have been better, I wonder? I should now be at rest. And oh, rest! rest! It is what all the world is seeking.

SISTER EDITH (*quickly*).—No, no! Not all the world. All healthy people seek action and output for their energies; and revolt at death or inaction.

GRACE.—Yes, but all experienced people cry for rest, rest! Sleep comes, and all is forgetful-

ness and peace. The waking comes, and all is fretfulness and strife. Do you know, Sister, I hate to wake up and find myself alive?

SISTER EDITH.—That's morbid. You are depressed after your illness; but all that will wear away, when you get back your strength. Why, you have everything that soul can covet, everything to make a girl happy. A beautiful house, society, books, music, a most devoted husband——

GRACE (*anxiously*).—Say that again, Sister!

SISTER EDITH.—I said "a most devoted husband".

GRACE.—Do you mean it?

SISTER EDITH.—Mean it? Why, my dear Mrs. Latouche!

GRACE.—I'm fretful, I suppose. And you really mean——

SISTER EDITH.—I mean that I do not think any woman on earth has a more affectionate and anxious husband. Why, he made a fool of himself——

GRACE.—How, Sister?

SISTER EDITH.—By his intense and overwhelming anxiety during your illness. It would be almost ridiculous, if it were not so affecting.

GRACE.—Poor Frank! I shall never——

SISTER EDITH.—You will never be able to requite him for his solicitude, Mrs. Latouche. And I must say the doctors were equally so.

GRACE.—And the nurses, Sister?

SISTER EDITH.—Well, one at least.

GRACE.—Ah, I know. Dear Sister Edith, how shall I ever thank you? I almost regret my convalescence for the idea of parting with you.

SISTER EDITH.—Well, be it so. Some day you'll know all. But the doctors were solicitous, indeed. Dr. Agnew is a prodigy. With all his years, his hand is as cool and steady as a (*laughs*) student's!

GRACE.—And Mr. Fitzmaurice? What a pity he is so slow in taking out his full degree. I knew him slightly in Dublin. He was much attached to a young schoolmate of mine, but something occurred; well, it was a painful thing—we must not speak of it!

SISTER EDITH.—He is clever in his own department. But he is not an experienced surgeon.

GRACE.—That will come. It is very kind of

him to call so often to inquire. I really must see him the next time.

SISTER EDITH.—You must be careful not to tire yourself, Mrs. Latouche.

GRACE.—Oh! I shan't! I shall see him for a moment to thank him. Frank would like it, I know.

(Later in the day. Fitzmaurice calls, and is admitted reluctantly by Sister Edith.)

GRACE.—I am not allowed to see visitors, Mr. Fitzmaurice, but I could not forego the pleasure of thanking you for all your attention and solicitude. I have heard so much from Frank about your goodness.

FITZMAURICE.—Well, you know, Mrs. Latouche, Frank and I are old friends. Anything I could do for him, I should do with pleasure.

GRACE.—These old friendships are always the fastest. The spirit of *camaraderie* formed early in life seldom passes with the experience of age. But I was very unwell, I understand?

FITZMAURICE.—I should say you would do better not to refer to your illness, but to look forward to a new life.

GRACE.—Quite so! But, then, where would

be my gratitude to all my kind friends, who were so solicitous and—so skilful?

FITZMAURICE.—So they were, indeed. It is always a triumph when a life is snatched from the jaws of death.

GRACE.—And was I so bad?

FITZMAURICE.—No, it was not your illness, but——

GRACE.—But what, Mr. Fitzmaurice?

FITZMAURICE.—I should rather not say. But your life is due to one of the nurses——

GRACE.—Sister Edith! How kind and generous she is, for she has never told me of my obligations. But how did it happen?

SISTER EDITH (*from adjoining room*).—Please, Mrs. Latouche, remember our injunctions, and do not fatigue yourself.

GRACE.—Thanks, Sister. Only one minute more. How did it happen, Mr. Fitzmaurice?

FITZMAURICE.—Well, you must know that Dr. Latouche insisted on administering the chloroform himself. He took it from my hands. He was so anxious—so very anxious. But you see he was inexperienced as an anæsthetist. A man may be a good surgeon, but unskilled

otherwise. And he seemed not to notice the change that came over your features, until one of the nurses stepped forward and threw——

SISTER EDITH.—Now, now, Mr. Fitzmaurice, you really must go. Mrs. Latouche will be much distressed——

GRACE.—One moment, Sister. You were saying (*to Fitzmaurice*) “and threw——”

FITZMAURICE.—Yes. And threw cold water over you, and forced brandy between your clenched teeth, and you revived.

GRACE.—And Frank—Dr. Latouche?

FITZMAURICE.—He was very angry with himself and every one. It was such a *gaucherie*, you know. And these accidents reflect so much on a man's professional reputation.

GRACE (*stupefied*).—These accidents—reflect—so much—on—a man's professional—reputation!

FITZMAURICE.—There, Sister Edith is becoming impatient. I must say good-day, Mrs. Latouche. I shall see you well, I hope, the next time. (*Exit.*)

SISTER EDITH (*entering and finding Grace fainting*).—There! I knew how 'twould be!

Come, Mrs. Latouche, please, rouse yourself. My God! I shall never hear the end of this. Quick, brandy, Elise!

GRACE (*reviving*).—Where am I? Oh! dear! Oh, Sister Edith, let me go back again! Let me die. I am so wretched!

SISTER EDITH.—Please, Mrs. Latouche, rouse yourself, for my sake. I shall get great blame.

GRACE.—Don't be alarmed, Sister. Unfortunately, I shall get well. But, oh! if I could only die! Everything, everything seems going wrong.

SISTER EDITH (*thinks*).—I wonder what did that fellow say to disturb her so much? (*To Grace*) I knew you'd overdo it. You mustn't see visitors again under any circumstances. When Dr. Latouche returns he will be furious.

GRACE.—Please, Sister, don't speak of this visit. I have been really naughty. But don't mention it to Dr. Latouche.

SISTER EDITH.—Dr. Agnew will be worse. I shall never hear the end of it.

GRACE (*pondering*).—Dr. Agnew will be worse? Why should Dr. Agnew be more angry than Dr. Latouche?

SISTER EDITH.—Because his professional reputation is at stake.

GRACE.—Oh, dear God! professional reputation everywhere. Do these men care nothing for us, poor mortals?

SISTER EDITH.—Of course they do. But you don't understand. I cannot explain. There now, rest!

GRACE.—Rest? I cannot rest! Can you give me something to keep my brain quiet? It is always revolving, revolving, round and round, like a mill. Is there no stopping it? I think I shall get up and go out.

SISTER EDITH.—You'll do nothing of the kind, Mrs. Latouche. That would be fatal. There now, rest, and be composed. Try to get some sleep.

GRACE (*laughing hysterically*).—Sleep? No, no! Sleep is not for me. Oh, that I were back at the dear old College again. There sleep came so easily after the day's careless romping. And with the face of one of the dear nuns bending over you, you felt you were passing away into dreamland in a mother's arms. And the children! I think I should be glad

to see even Eva again. And poor Lil! Poor Lil! if I could only see her.

SISTER EDITH.—Now, dear, you are gentler and quieter. These early memories are soothing.

GRACE.—Yes! But, please, Sister, don't go too far away. My head wanders a little.

LA NOTTE.

SCENE.—*Green room in the Theatre Apollo.
Lehmann and Lilian White rehearsing
for tableaux.*

LEHMANN.—Now this will certainly immortalise me. I wish to see if the Argus-eyed public can be deceived. But we must cast our lights carefully. If I can sell *La Notte* you shall have half the profits.

LILIAN.—No, no! My work is purely that of an amateur. I shall take no remuneration.

LEHMANN.—I mustn't insist ; or you'll vanish as before. And then, ah ! what a weary search it was !

LILIAN.—I confess I don't like it. Nothing but gratitude, or some higher call, could make me consent now. These gas-jets and human faces are intolerable.

LEHMANN.—But you are *La Notte*, you know.

And it is all dark to you, even with the veiled starlight of your eyes!

LILIAN (*angrily*).—Mr. Lehmann!

LEHMANN.—There! you'll never accept a compliment. They come to our lips like breathing; and French women like them.

LILIAN.—Well, I don't, so please desist.

LEHMANN.—Lilian? Miss White?

LILIAN.—Well?

LEHMANN.—I wish you'd allow me the privilege of complimenting you for ever, without the risk of offence.

LILIAN.—I don't understand, Mr. Lehmann. Please, let us rehearse our parts.

LEHMANN.—What awful barrier is between us? I cannot understand.

LILIAN.—And you never will. Mr. Lehmann?

LEHMANN.—Well?

LILIAN.—You have been very kind.

LEHMANN.—A little—that is, I wished to be.

LILIAN.—You *have* been. Be a little kinder yet.

LEHMANN.—With all my heart.

LILIAN.—Never speak of this subject again. It is the impossible.

LEHMANN (*resignedly*).—Be it so!

(*Lehmann's statue, La Notte, unveiled, in front of stage.*)

LEHMANN (*to audience*):—

This is the Night,
Cut out of Chaos
With chisels of light ;
And flung into spaces,
Pathless and homeless.
Wherever she wanders,
Tossed in the vortex
Of whirlwinds and darkness,
Swiftly she reappears,
Blind in her sorrow,
Or with eyes like the Argus.
She is not marble,
Nor dead, though she seemeth.
She is but sleeping,
For silence is round her.
She loveth the silence ;
If you doubt, wake her !
Then will she speak.
For oft has she spoken
To sages and dreamers,
To souls ever wakeful

In thought or in pain.
Speak, oh, ye dreamers!
Speak, oh, ye wretched!
Dreams are her worship,
And through her soft eyes
Wisdom distilleth
Balm on the wounded.
For she is eternal,
And all that's eternal
Calmly pursueth
Its ways through the darkness.
Thou, too, O Mortal,
Fretful and anxious,
Wilt learn from her silence
This, thy great lesson.
Thou, too, Immortal,
Unmoved by the chances
Of this, thy day-dream,
Tranquil and even,
Serenely despising,
Passionless, loving,
Restless, unhasting,
Work out thy dark Fate;
Till the great surges
Of turbulent ocean

Bear thee rejoicing
Into the haven
Of life, ever joyful :
There, thy dreams over,
Life hath but peace.

(*Looking around.*) Will no one speak?

Mark, it is marble,
See, how I strike it.
Hark! the sharp sound.
No one hath spoken
To Night that she waken.
Then over her beauty
Shall we draw the veil.

(*Draws the curtain.*)

A VOICE.—Call her! call her! Wake her!
wake her! Oh, if she would but speak! She's
too beautiful!

CHORUS (*hidden*):—

She's awake, when her sister enshroudeth ye,
children in dreams.
From the noiseless earth-slumber she hears
but the laughter of streams.
With her moonlamp she treadeth in silence
earth's dark corridors,

And to all the heart-weary the bliss of oblivion
restores.

And the dreamers, with eyes closely sealed
and the parting of lips,

Stir soft in the shadows cast o'er them by
midnight's eclipse.

Or smile as, in infancy's slumber, the flower-
face will smile,

Touched softly by light from the eyes that
are watching the while.

And, oh! she is fair, when, unscarved by the
cloudlets of earth,

All her jewels glint soft on her limbs, and the
tremulous birth

Of the breeze flickers faintly their light, and
her vesture unfolds

Floating perfumed o'er forests enchanted,
and light-waiting wolds.

But, hark, at the eyes of the dawn, at the
call of the birds,

She shrinks where the hills are just hollow
with lowing of herds ;

And draws the thin slide o'er her lamp, and
the lustre endims

Of her stars, feebly straining to utter the last
of their hymns.

Man wakens to bless the faint light of the
pain-laden day,

And night, the meek-eyed, the unthanked
for her peace, fades away.

VOICES.—Yes, yes! Call back our mother!
Call back La Notte, La Notte! she will awaken;
and we will thank her.

LEHMANN (*coming forward*):—

At the calling of Mortals,
At the beck of your breath,
Lo! the Angel uncurtained!
Speak low as the night-winds
In the selvage of streams,
Or as light's pencilled shadows,
When twilight contracts.
But if you would wake her,
Remember, no music
Of laughter from red lips,
No loud Hallelujahs
From voices unbroken
With deep minor sobbings
Shall stir her to life.

But, if there's unspoken
 One accent of anguish,
 One last harsh vibration
 From strings that are broken,
 Speak it, oh, speak it!
 And Night will awaken.

VOICES.—Yes! yes! Wake, Night! oh, Night! and bring back oblivion. Look, she stirs! she stirs! A miracle, a miracle! The statue is alive. Oh, it rises up, up, like a person aroused from sleep. Will she speak?

GRACE (*to Latouche*).—My God! 'tis Lil!

LATOUCHE.—Lil? what Lil? Not at all. 'Tis an artist's trick. Lehmann can do such clever things. 'Tis an advertisement for his piece of marble.

GRACE (*hysterically*).—No, no! 'Tis Lilian White, I tell you. Don't you remember Lilian White, the daughter of Mr. White, who was ruined?

LATOUCHE.—The lights and shadows deceive you, Grace! And your eyes are not yet strong. There, hark! she is going to speak.

GRACE.—My God! was there ever anything so dreadful? A dumb, lifeless marble (you

heard the click of the chisel) wakens to life, and becomes Lil White! 'Tis so like our old tableaux at the College. Hark!

LA NOTTE (rising up to her full height, and stretching her hands towards the audience):—

What aileth ye, Mortals,
That ye cry in your pain,
To push back the portals
Of light once again?
If Darkness, my shadow,
Enveileth your eyes
In bands that are black, though
The stars' meek surprise
Glints softly, and moonlight
Distilleth its peace,
Of pain-flowers, the noonlight,
Of sorrows, surcease;
Why will ye waken
To life once again,
Of peace, the forsaken,
The victims of pain?
Ah, slumber forgetful
Of life's saddest lot,
The day-dreams so fretful
The dawning hath brought.

But I, Night, the sad-eyed,
 Like you, the dismayed,
 Whom the white fetters had tied,
 In peace shall be laid.

(Curtain falls.)

GRACE (*weeping*).—You know Mr. Lehmann, Frank! May we not go around and see Lilian, if it is not all a dream?

LATOUCHE.—You are labouring under a delusion, dear. That is not, cannot be, Miss White.

GRACE.—But I tell you it is. You have seen her but once or twice. I have known her for years. But what brings her on the stage? Surely it has not come to this, with poor, dear Lil. Let us go, Frank. We won't wait for the rest.

LATOUCHE (*arranging her wraps in carriage*).—Now, now, Gracie, put away the fancy. It's all the result of weakness from your long suffering.

GRACE.—I should be alarmed if I thought so. But it *is* Lil! And oh, how her words touched me! My own thoughts—to sleep, to die, to forget!

LATOUCHE.—Now, that proves what I say. You must get away immediately from London. What do you think of Llandudno? Or would you prefer to go back to Dublin?

GRACE.—I hate leaving home, you know, Frank. I should rather remain here with you.

LATOUCHE.—Thanks, dearest! But it is imperative that you should go.

GRACE.—Can you come, Frank? Oh, do! Leave these horrid hospitals alone for a month, and come away somewhere.

LATOUCHE.—I wish I could, I'm sure.

GRACE.—What's that you're always singing, Frank? It makes me so sad.

LATOUCHE (*quite frightened*).—Now, now, now! This will never do. There, you're quite cold! Pull that wrap tighter. Now, allow me.

GRACE (*persistingly*).—How is it that your favourite song runs? (*Sings*):—

Oh! that we two were Maying

Down the stream of the soft, Spring
breeze,

Like children with violets playing
 In the shade,
 In the shade
 Of the whispering trees!

Now go on, Frank!

LATOUCHE (*sings softly*):—

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
 On the sward of some sheep-trimmed
 down,
 Watching the white mist streaming
 Over river and mead and town.

GRACE.—

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
 In our nest in the churchyard sod—

LATOUCHE.—No! that's nonsense!

GRACE (*sings on*):—

With our limbs at rest
 On the quiet earth's breast,

LATOUCHE (*putting his hand over her mouth*).

—Now, now, Gracie dear, don't!

GRACE (*singing on to the end*):—

And our souls at home with God!

(*After a long pause.*) Who were these,
 Frank?

LATOCHE.—Oh, people that lived long and merry ago!

GRACE.—Who wrote these lines?

LATOCHE.—Kingsley, a clergyman.

GRACE.—I must get the book.

LATOCHE.—Don't. 'Twould shock you!

GRACE.—Why?

LATOCHE.—Because, because—here we are at home again!

LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE.

SCENE.— *Grace's drawing-room. Fitzmaurice at an afternoon call.*

GRACE.—I was strangely affected, I assure you. Just think of a marble statue becoming a living, breathing being, and that my old school-mate. Dr. Latouche denies it, and perhaps——

FITZMAURICE.—Oh ! he should know. He is frequently at Lehmann's studio ; and must have seen *La Notte* again and again.

GRACE.—The statue or the impersonation ?

FITZMAURICE.—The statue, of course. You may be sure your husband was consulted by Lehmann on every detail of that sculpture.

GRACE.—Then he must have known about Miss White ?

FITZMAURICE.—That is, if it was Miss White, as you seem to imagine. The name on the bills and programmes was Olga Varinski.

GRACE (*quickly*).—Were you there?

FITZMAURICE.—N—no! But I heard all about the scene. Lehmann has made a pretty thing of it. He has sold his marble for two thousand.

GRACE.—Will Lil, that is, Olga Varinski, get any of that?

FITZMAURICE.—You seem to take it for granted that it is Miss White. No! I should say not. Miss White is too proud to touch money.

GRACE.—Then it is Miss White?

FITZMAURICE.—I really cannot say. I'm not in that young lady's secrets.

GRACE.—You were once.

FITZMAURICE.—Yes, but that's a long time ago. Things have changed since then.

GRACE.—And you gave her up because her father became a bankrupt?

FITZMAURICE (*rising*).—Mrs. Latouche!

GRACE (*apologetically*).—Please, don't go. I'm a little out of sorts. Tell me, if Miss White were to get back her fortune, would you seek her friendship again?

FITZMAURICE.—Mrs. Latouche, I can only excuse you from a deliberate insult by suppos-

ing that you are yet only convalescent, and nervous. You know, you ought to have known, that several times since her father's death I have sought a reconciliation and been refused.

GRACE.—That is pride. But if Miss White were no longer penniless there would be no occasion for pride any longer.

FITZMAURICE.—I cannot see how Miss White can realise a fortune in her present avocation.

GRACE.—What is that?

FITZMAURICE.—Don't you know? Why, of all living beings you should know best.

GRACE.—You are mysterious!

FITZMAURICE.—And pardon me, you are not ingenuous!

GRACE.—I assure you, I never knew aught of Miss White, till I saw, or thought I saw her last night.

FITZMAURICE.—Then I must not divulge.

GRACE.—There's a horrid secret somewhere, I know; I'm sure Miss White is in London. I shall seek her out, and restore all that she has forfeited by her father's failure.

FITZMAURICE.—And she will reject it.

GRACE.—No?

FITZMAURICE.—Do you really suppose, Mrs. Latouche, that a young lady like Miss White would touch your father's money?

GRACE.—I suppose not! But, oh, dear me! to think that she should be reduced to such a thing as *poseur* on a vulgar stage—I know 'twas Lil—and I here! I must do something! (*After a pause.*) Mr. Fitzmaurice!

FITZMAURICE.—I beg pardon!

GRACE.—You were interested at one time in Miss White?

FITZMAURICE.—Quite true.

GRACE.—And are you so still?

FITZMAURICE.—I cannot deny it, if it is somewhat more Platonic.

GRACE.—Do you know where Miss White lives?

FITZMAURICE.—There now. Women are born detectives. You want to pick a secret out of a soft young student.

GRACE.—No! I want you to help me. I can assist Miss White, if you help me. Is she in London?

FITZMAURICE.—Well, yes.

GRACE.—And was she *La Notte*?

FITZMAURICE.—Yes! *La Notte* the second.
The first was marble.

GRACE.—And this Mr. Lehmann?

FITZMAURICE.—A money-lending Jew; and
a great friend of Dr. Latouche.

GRACE.—You are hinting at something, sir.

FITZMAURICE.—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Latouche. I really must be going!

GRACE.—There, forgive me! My nerves
are still weak; and Frank has ordered me
away.

FITZMAURICE.—Indeed?

GRACE.—Yes. To Llandudno. You see
nothing strange in that?

FITZMAURICE.—Nothing.

GRACE.—And Miss White is in London?

FITZMAURICE.—So I believe.

GRACE.—And Frank frequents Mr. Lehmann's studio?

FITZMAURICE.—There! Once more, good
afternoon, Mrs. Latouche!

GRACE.—One word. Will you be my almoner? I cannot bear the thought that I

should be despised by that girl—that is, I mean, that Miss White should be poor!

FITZMAURICE.—If I can be of the least service, Mrs. Latouche, you can command me. When do you leave?

GRACE (*startled*).—Leave?

FITZMAURICE.—Yes. For Llandudno.

GRACE.—Oh, I'm not going. Could you call in about a week? And not a word to Frank!

FITZMAURICE.—Certainly. Good afternoon.

(*Grace left alone gives herself up to thought.*)

There is a horrible mystery somewhere. "Of all others you should know!" Why should I know? That means it concerns me. Let me see! Can this poor, weary brain piece things together? I should know that Miss White was in London! Why? Because of course Frank would tell me. But Frank hasn't told me. Why? Again, Lilian poses for this detestable Jew, Lehmann. And Frank has been frequenting Lehmann's studio. Again, Frank pretended last night that he did not recognise Miss White, and protested rather much, I thought. Again!

Why, again? Oh, my God, I'll go mad, mad!
He wants to send me away from London!

(Buries her head on the table, and weeps hysterically. After some time rises up, and goes into the nursery, where she lays her head on the pillow close to baby's head.)

Poor little Babette! mignonne! and you're so like him! Babette! Babette! whisper! whisper! What shall mammy do? Go away, and die? And leave you here, mignonne, mignonne?

(Sings softly in her tears):—

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
 In our nest in the churchyard sod,
 With our limbs at rest
 On the quiet earth's breast,
 And our souls at home with God.

Ah, no, no, Babette! That won't do either. You mustn't die! But mammy shall. I couldn't think of thee, dead, and cold, and stiff, Babette. Come, kiss me, mignonne! There, babs, good-night!

(Goes into her husband's study, opens his drawer, and takes out his diary.)

Now, this is wrong and naughty, I know;

but I'm in despair. Besides, a husband should have no secrets from his wife. Shall I? Is it a sin? Dear God, how little have I thought of sin, I, who scrupled a distraction at prayer!

(Closes the book.)

It is wrong to open a letter, I know. But this is not a letter. And, besides, I don't know these people. Oh, Frank, Frank! and I loved and trusted you so! If I had loved my God half as much, what a world of sorrow I would have been spared. No, I won't! *(Pushes away the book, but holds the desk open.)* Ah! There's some one! *(Rises hastily and goes to bookcase.)* No, 'twas fancy! Let me see! Half-past eight! Frank won't be back from Chelsea till ten. An hour and a half! What harm can it be? I'll just look at one name, and shut the book. Hark! That's Babette crying! *(Goes to nursery and soothes the child. Then returns to study.)* Now, Grace, thy fate! *(Opens the book with trembling hands, and reads):—*

Sept. 14.—Alan Stebbes, age 24, Pimlico. Eczema. Hereditary. Liqr. Plumbi.

Sept. 14.—Winifred Denmore, 16. Phthisis.

Hopeless. Cod Liver Oil. Fellows' Malt. Inhaler.

Sept. 14.—Alfred Strebini, artist, 26. Cardiac. Mitral valve. Belladonna. Digit.

Oct. 1.—Olive Wainwright, sempstress, 34. Cancerous tumour, left side. Operation. Iodine.

Oct. 24.—Marie Ottilie Courtrelle, barmaid. Nervous depres. Overwork. Insomnia. Fresh air. Change. Potass. Valerian.

Oct. 30.—Baroness de Stolberg. Cardiac asthma. Œdema. Hopeless.

(Closes the diary.)

My God! What a dreadful world! Sin and sickness everywhere! How the words of old Father Porter come back: "If each of us knew what the world is suffering, it would make us infinitely charitable towards each other, and equally grateful to God!" True! But what is physical suffering, however great, to mental suffering? Oh, Frank, come back, come back, and I'll be good! There (*shuts the desk*), I should never have done it; but it is no harm to any one. (*Looks around and sees cabinet.*) I wonder what dire secret has he there? He

never would show me. A skeleton, of course. Well, as I have been naughty, I'll be out and out naughty to-night, and I feel desperate. (*Tries several keys.*) This must be the key. (*Opens cabinet tremulously.*) 'Tis too dark, but it is not a skull or skeleton, 'tis a picture, I think. It must be a rare thing ; he keeps it so carefully locked. (*Brings over lamp, stares, and screams.*) Oh, there is his secret ! the secret of his life ! I knew it ! I knew it ! But oh, Lil, Lil, what demon painted you thus ? Or in what awful circumstances have you been placed ? Otherwise, how could you have looked so ? What is it ? What is it ? (*Lowers the lamp and reads*) : *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise.* Angel ? Of course. Angel ? But, lost, lost, lost ! What does it all mean ? O my God ! Paradise ! Ruined ! Oh ! How the dreadful thing strikes me in the face ! I see it all now ! There was a paradise, a home—but it was ruined, ruined, and by whom ? Oh, father, how could you do it ? And there was an angel of that paradise ! Who ? Who but Lilian ? And Lilian is lost, lost ! And how, how ? O my God !

(*Dr. Latouche arrives at ten o'clock.*)

LATOUCHE.—Grace! Grace! Where are you? Where can she be? She should have retired long before now. Surely she cannot have gone out so late. Grace! Grace!

(Enters his study, and sees the prostrate figure and the open cabinet.)

Grace! Grace! What's this? What has come over you? *(Grace raises her face slowly from the ground, and points speechlessly to the picture.)*

AN EMBASSAGE.

SCENE.—*Surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital. Fitzmaurice compounding, Lilian White placing some bottles on shelf. Fitzmaurice turns round.*

FITZMAURICE.—One word, Miss White.

LILIAN.—Let it be a brief one.

FITZMAURICE.—It is not from myself. I shouldn't trouble you. It is a matter of business between you and Mrs. Latouche.

LILIAN.—Couldn't Miss—Mrs. Latouche seek a more trusty ambassador?

FITZMAURICE.—It is because the matter is one of great trust that she has chosen me.

LILIAN.—I envy her discretion.

FITZMAURICE.—There's not much use in bandying compliments. You're changed, and so am I, except in one particular.

LILIAN (*yielding to curiosity*).—And that may be?

FITZMAURICE.—In my absolute and unswerving devotion to one dream, or ideal, of my life.

LILIAN (*angrily*).—I thought that was at an end. Let me pass, please.

FITZMAURICE.—You haven't heard Mrs. Latouche's message?

LILIAN.—I don't want to hear it from your lips. Mrs. Latouche may send for me if she wishes to see me.

FITZMAURICE.—That's not likely. You are her *bête noire*—the dark shadow on her hearth.

LILIAN.—The dark shadow—what?

FITZMAURICE (*calmly*).—The shadow on the hearth—the false friend, the destroyer of all her earthly happiness.

LILIAN.—Let me pass! The man is mad.

FITZMAURICE.—The words are not mine; I am but an ambassador.

LILIAN.—And a clever one. What is the nature of your embassy?

FITZMAURICE.—This. She owes you money, and she hates you for it. You have wronged her, and she hates you for it. She wants to remedy both evils by one stroke. She has sent to her father for a portion of her dowry; and it

has come. She wants you to accept it, but on one condition.

LILIAN.—And that?

FITZMAURICE.—That you cease to torment her for ever.

LILIAN.—Torment her? Torment Grace? Are you both insane? I cannot understand you. Speak plainly, if it is in your nature to speak truth.

FITZMAURICE (*smiling*).—It is. Indeed, I have never done anything else, or otherwise, in my life.

LILIAN.—Go on. You have some object in this slow torture.

FITZMAURICE.—Here it is, Lilian. Now be patient and practical. Mrs. Latouche thinks you have borrowed, or stolen, her husband's affections. Of course, that's absurd; but appearances are against you, and we don't know how far they may lead. She wants you to accept this in restitution for the wrong she believes was done your father, and she hopes——

LILIAN (*trembling and pale*).—Go on!

FITZMAURICE.—I dare not go on under such a glance as yours.

LILIAN.—Go on!

FITZMAURICE (*agitated*).—I cannot. Listen! Don't look like that, Lilian, for God's sake!

LILIAN.—Go on, or let me pass!

FITZMAURICE.—Well, then, she prays and hopes that you will marry some one with this dowry, and leave her in peace for ever.

LILIAN.—Marry some one! Whom?

FITZMAURICE.—That's for you to decide. There's only one. You can't marry that Jew, you know——

LILIAN.—He's worth ten thousand creatures like you.

FITZMAURICE.—I suppose so. Then you reject the offer?

LILIAN.—What offer?

FITZMAURICE.—Mrs. Latouche's and mine.

LILIAN.—Yes! I spurn you both. She is silly, but you are loathsome.

FITZMAURICE.—All right. But what about this money? Shall I return it?

LILIAN.—If you like. I shall not touch it. Here, stay! You need money?

FITZMAURICE.—A little, like the rest of mankind.

LILIAN.—You would be prepared to make a sacrifice for this thing? (*Holding up the cheque.*)

FITZMAURICE.—Any sacrifice, except honour.

LILIAN.—You cannot sacrifice what you never possessed. But an end to this matter. Can you make a promise?

FITZMAURICE.—Fifty.

LILIAN.—Can you keep *one*?

FITZMAURICE.—I'll try.

LILIAN.—You know what I mean. Can you go away and never return hither?

FITZMAURICE.—It's death, as well as banishment. But I suppose I must.

LILIAN.—Will you leave England within twenty-four hours?

FITZMAURICE.—If I can get away.

LILIAN.—I don't know what rights I have over this paper; but—stay. I'll sign it, and give it back to Mrs. Latouche; perhaps she will transfer it to you.

FITZMAURICE.—May I be the bearer?

LILIAN.—Yes! And I presume you know what to say. Tell her, I cannot touch her money. Tell her, I have not injured herself even in thought. Tell her, that her father's

injustice to my father was a venial fault, compared with the injustice she has done unto me. But tell her also, that I remember the Convent lessons she has forgotten; and that, as I pardon her in her misery, so I pray God to pardon her also. Now go!

FITZMAURICE.—You haven't signed this paper.

LILIAN.—I shan't touch it. 'Twould burn me. Go!

SCENE.—*Lehmann's studio in London. Photographic artist arranging for reproductions of his sculpture, La Notte.*

(*Dr. Latouche enters.*)

LEHMANN.—Just in time, old man. I wanted your verdict on these negatives. There will be a glorious sale. Reckitt is bound to make his pile now.

RECKITT.—I assure you, gentlemen, it won't pay the cost of reproduction.

LEHMANN.—There! Tell that to the marines. What think you of this, Latouche?

LATOUCHE.—Excellent! That tableau was superb.

LEHMANN.—Withdraw your mind from the

tableau, please! No magnesia here! This is cold daylight.

LATOUCHE.—It is good: How could it be otherwise? But nothing like the rare thing that I have under lock and key. By the way, when are you sending for it, Lehmann? The sooner the better now.

LEHMANN.—Why, what hurry?

LATOUCHE.—Simply that now you are in people's mouths, and you must use your good luck.

LEHMANN.—Good luck? Right and legitimate success, if you please.

LATOUCHE.—All right, old man. I can never be sure whether an artist, an author, a poet, or a woman is the most vain.

LEHMANN.—We'll settle that soon. They are all right, Reckitt. I congratulate you on your good fortune.

LATOUCHE.—Keep twenty for me, Reckitt, if you can spare them.

RECKITT.—All right, sir. Good-day, gentlemen!
(*Exit.*)

LATOUCHE.—I'm glad he's gone. I want to have a talk with you, Lehmann.

LEHMANN (*touching up some canvasses*).—All right, go ahead. I'm in no humour for work this morning.

LATOUCHE.—Tell me, is your excellent friend, *La Notte*, the Olga Varinski of Paris?

LEHMANN.—Exactly. The lady of the picture that gave you fits.

LATOUCHE.—You told me she was a Russian.

LEHMANN.—And so she is, Russian or Polish Russian, from Smolensk or somewhere around there.

LATOUCHE.—Allow me to correct you. She is an Irish lady, as I conjectured at first—Miss Lilian White, of Dublin.

LEHMANN (*laughing*).—Ridiculous! Look here, Latouche, that's one of your national weaknesses. Wherever there is a celebrity, you good islanders claim him. The Mad Mullah is a fellow called Mullane; Suleiman Bey was christened O'Sullivan somewhere in an Irish bog; Moirosi is Morrissey; Mascagni is McCagney, and Marconi is Mark O'Neill. Of course, we understand all that.

LATOUCHE.—But I tell you, my dear fellow, that your Olga is Miss White, formerly of

Dublin, now surgical nurse in St. Thomas's here.

LEHMANN.—That's true! But you see, my dear fellow, Miss White is her *nom-de-plume*, or *alias*, or whatever you call it. She knew that Olga Varinski would have no chance as a hospital nurse here.

LATOUCHE.—I can't be angry with you; but I tell you I knew Miss White in Dublin. She was engaged to a fellow called Fitzmaurice, who jilted her for money; her father lost all he had through the ruffianism and dishonesty of—well, no matter! And she's earning her bread here under her own name.

LEHMANN.—Hallo! That explains a good deal, *mon ami*. Do you know any more?

LATOUCHE.—No more! I knew the first moment I set eyes on your picture at Paris, that that face was known to me.

LEHMANN (*musingly watching Latouche*).—You have explained a good deal. Will you unravel the mystery further?

LATOUCHE.—Yes, if it can be of any use to you or Miss White.

LEHMANN.—It can. You say Fitzmaurice threw her over?

LATOUCHE.—Yes, on her father's bankruptcy.

LEHMANN.—The hound and hypocrite. Do you know has he been pursuing her here?

LATOUCHE.—I cannot say. He used to visit at our place sometimes professionally, and see my wife——

LEHMANN.—How?

LATOUCHE.—They are old acquaintances. You know my wife and Miss White were schoolmates. I took Miss White to nurse my wife in her delirium a few months ago.

LEHMANN.—One question more? Has your wife been under any obligation to Fitzmaurice or Miss White?

LATOUCHE.—To Fitzmaurice, no. To Miss White, yes—that is—but this is a family matter, Lehmann, on which I must not speak.

LEHMANN.—Quite so. And, of course, you'll pardon me if I intrude a little. Has your wife any private means?

LATOUCHE.—Lehmann, we're great friends, but—— What are you driving at?

LEHMANN.—Only this. A pretty large cheque was presented at our bank yesterday, payable first to your wife, then made payable by your wife to Miss White, and proffered by a gentleman, who is, I think, Fitzmaurice.

LATOUCHE.—You astonish me! There is some plot on foot clearly; and poor Grace has been dragged into it. Surely there can be no collusion between Miss White and Fitzmaurice?

LEHMANN.—I don't think so. I cannot think so. And yet her name is signed to the cheque, and authorisation given for payment to Fitzmaurice.

LATOUCHE.—This is a revelation. Is there any sounding the depths of women's hearts?

LEHMANN.—There is, by a plain, blunt question.

LATOUCHE.—To Grace, to my wife, you mean?

LEHMANN.—To be sure. She'll clear up everything.

LATOUCHE.—Impossible. 'Twould throw her into hysterics, and with her tendencies, her heart might snap in a second. But did Fitzmaurice cash the cheque?

LEHMANN.—No. It was detained for further inquiries. He stormed and raged; but I have a suspicion that he won't call again.

LATOUCHE.—I seem to be always dragged into little plots and dramas of this kind. How is it, Lehmann, that you are allowed to pursue your art unhampered by all these annoyances; and I, whose very life is hanging upon peace and quiet, am for ever embroiled in trouble?

LEHMANN.—Well, you see, first of all, you're married, and I am not.

LATOUCHE.—Yet you want to be.

LEHMANN.—What? How do you know?

LATOUCHE.—Because you could not possibly be intimate with Miss White so long without proposing to her fifty times.

LEHMANN.—Yes, I did.

LATOUCHE.—And——?

LEHMANN.—Was rejected.

LATOUCHE.—Another mystery. Will you send this evening for that picture? Do you know I shall not be sorry when it's gone.

LEHMANN.—Why? What harm has it done you?

LATOUCHE.—I cannot say, but it is uncanny.

I am not superstitious, but I want it out of my house.

LEHMANN.—Buy it, you'll have it cheap.

LATOCHE.—I wouldn't have a present of it. It is like a fated ring, or amulet, or conjuror's globe that one is afraid to touch.

LEHMANN.—Write such a sketch; and I'll have a hundred offers in a week.

LATOCHE.—I will, by Jove. It is uncanny. I'll swear it. Won't you send for it this evening, Lehmann? All right. Au revoir!

REPARATION.

SCENE.—*Sister Felicitas (Eva) in her cell in London. Has just been ordered to take a detachment of orphan children to an entertainment at a public hall, given for their benefit.*

EVA.—Wonders will never cease in this strange land, where all our ideas are topsy-turvy. Imagine me being ordered to an entertainment at a public hall! How they will open their eyes at home! What is it going to be, I wonder? (*Reads.*) Tableaux! Sacred subjects! Last appearance of Mdle. Olga Varinski! There, the mystery's out! Olga Varinski, who vanished (*s'évanouit*) in Paris! Well, well. At last we shall have the pleasure of seeing the mysterious lady. What are the subjects, I wonder? "In the cornfield." "In the tent." "Vox in Rama." "O'er Egypt's

dark sea." Very poetical, indeed! "La Notte." What's that, I wonder? "Evening on Calvary." How like the dear old College! But I hope—that is, I don't—there will be few people there! That would suit me; but what of the orphans? Dear me! dear me! Wonders will never cease. (*Lays down the play-bill.*) Strange I have never seen Lil yet. What an awful desert is London! You know no one; and no one knows you. How different from dear old Ireland, where everybody took a deep interest in everybody else; and that horrible maxim, "Mind your own business," was unknown. And walls, walls, walls, and roofs, roofs, roofs, everywhere! Never a green leaf, nor a tree, nor the song of a stream. Well, but isn't Rev. Mother good and considerate to give this wild Irish girl just a moment's recreation? But how shall we face all these people? It usedn't be so, Evy. No, indeed, in the days long long ago!

(*Sits musing.*)

SCENE.—*The Athenæum. One hundred orphan children grouped around the stage. Eva and another sister just in front. The curtain lifts, and under a strong sunlight Ruth appears in the corn-field, with great sheaves of wheat in her arms.*

THE SISTER.—Oh, how beautiful! Look, Sister Felicitas! Did you ever see anything so perfect? What's the lady's name, did you say?

EVA (*looking up*).—Olga—Varin—(*in an excited whisper*) Sister, dear! Sister!

THE SISTER.—Well?

EVA.—Please, hold me, or I'll jump on the stage and disgrace the community.

THE SISTER.—What's the matter?

EVA.—Matter? For pity's sake, Sister, put your hand on mine or I'll go distracted.

THE SISTER.—The novelty, of course. 'Twill wear off in a moment. There, that's over!

EVA (*trembling all over and crying softly*).—Oh, thank God! Sister, could we go away? I'll disgrace myself before all these people.

THE SISTER.—Not very well, dear. It would

spoil everything. There! the next tableau may not be exciting.

(The curtain rises and discloses Judith standing in Holofernes' tent, the dripping sword in her hand. Her servant, holding the basket, is by her side.)

THE SISTER.—There! That's less pathetic, but more tragic! Look, Sister Felicitas!

(Eva holds her head down, whilst the people applaud tumultuously. Mdlle. Varinski appears successively as Rachel, Miriam, etc. At last the curtain rises, and shows a bare cross, with the nail-holes in the cross-arms, and stains of blood on the wood. A figure kneels at the foot, and clasps the cross passionately, her long black hair sweeping the ground. The light of the setting sun is over all. The audience are hushed and breathless.)

A VOICE *(reading the play-bill)*.—"Evening on Calvary."

EVA *(sobbing)*.—Oh, what shall I do at all? "Twill kill me!

THE SISTER.—'Tis exceedingly pathetic. But

I didn't know, Sister Felicitas, that you were so impressionable. Please don't! 'Twill attract attention!

(The curtain falls. Half the audience are weeping as they rise to depart.)

THE SISTER *(rising and marshalling the children)*.—Come, Sister, dear, and pull down your veil. That Mademoiselle Varinski is a supreme artist.

EVA *(hysterically)*.—Mademoiselle Varinski! Why, 'tis Lil! My own dear, long-lost Lil! Oh, Sister, if I could only speak one word with her.

THE SISTER.—Impossible! Let us get the children home as quietly and as soon as possible.

SCENE.—*Lehmann's studio. Sisters Felicitas and Agnes have been sent to thank him for his kindness in arranging their tableaux gratuitously in aid of their orphanage.*

LEHMANN.—I assure you, ladies, although I am an impenitent Jew, it was a rare pleasure to be able to do anything for you. You have no greater admirer of your work and self-sacrifice than I.

SISTER AGNES.—Nevertheless, our obligations are the same. You shall have our prayers.

LEHMANN (*laughing*).—For my conversion?

SISTER AGNES (*gravely*).—For what God sees best.

LEHMANN.—You should pray more deeply for my faithful co-operator and interpreter, Mademoiselle Varinski.

EVA (*breathlessly*).—Why?

LEHMANN (*studying her intently*).—For she's going away for ever. We do not know what is before her. She leaves a terrible blank behind.

EVA.—But why is she going? We wanted to thank her too.

LEHMANN.—Then you can ask the question, and proffer your thanks in person. This is she coming to say adieu!

(*Lilian enters, in her nurse's uniform.*)

LEHMANN.—These good ladies, Miss White, have called to thank me and you for our little work of charity on Monday evening. I shall leave you together for a moment. (*Exit.*)

SISTER AGNES.—I am sure, Mademoiselle, we have reason——

LILIAN (*gasping*).—Eve! Eve! Eve!

EVA.—Oh, Lil, Lil, dearest, sweetest friend, it has come at last! at last!

(Half an hour later, Eva and Lilian are still deep in their communings over the past, when voices apparently raised in anger are heard from the ante-chamber. They listen, and in a moment Lehmann, Grace and Dr. Latouche burst into the room. The Sisters remain seated. Lilian rises.)

LEHMANN (*furious*).—Here, Sisters! Miss White! This is positively intolerable. I have brought in Mrs. Latouche to make her odious charges face to face. She accuses you, me, her husband, everybody, except the scoundrel that has been poisoning her mind——

LILIAN (*coming forward*).—Oh, Grace dear! you are looking extremely unwell——

GRACE (*ghastly and trembling*).—Don't address me, please! You who stole my husband's affections from me—you low comedy actress masquerading as a hospital nurse——

LEHMANN.—Masquerading as a nurse? Well for you that she *was* a nurse! You wouldn't be here to insult her to-day.

GRACE.—What? Why?

LEHMANN.—She pulled you out of the jaws of death when all human skill seemed to have failed.

GRACE.—That was when my husband—No! *There* is another instance of duplicity. 'Twas Sister Edith saved me, when others desired my death.

LEHMANN.—'Twas Miss White saved you; and got d——d little thanks for it!

GRACE.—Well! I have paid her—I owe her nothing. She has got back all that she—"the lost angel of a ruined paradise"—ever sacrificed.

LEHMANN.—You refer to *my* picture.

GRACE (*alarmed*).—I refer to the secret cabinet picture carefully locked up by Dr. Latouche, except for his private delectation.

LEHMANN.—That picture is mine, lent by me to your husband, and kept from your eyes lest it should shock you.

GRACE.—It has shocked me! But I have done all in my power to make this wretched girl——

EVA (*throwing up her veil*).—Grace! For shame!

GRACE.—Who are—Eva Farrell! What brings you here? Help me, my God! This is destiny!

(Falls fainting on the floor. An hour later, after spiritual aid had been summoned, Grace recovers consciousness, and beckons Lehmann and her husband to her side.)

GRACE *(faintly)*.—There has been some great—mistake. Forgive me!

LEHMANN.—There has been, Mrs. Latouche. Hear me!

DR. LATOUCHE *(weeping)*.—Let her alone, Lehmann! Don't disturb her now! Grace, dear, I told you how this excitement would end!

LEHMANN.—I cannot let her go from life under such an impression. Is this your bill, Mrs. Latouche? *(Shows her a bank order for a large amount.)*

GRACE *(faintly)*.—Yes! I intended it for Lilian.

LEHMANN.—She never would have got it. Here is her signature forged. The forger is in France.

GRACE.—Mr. Fitzmaurice?

LEHMANN.—Yes! The scoundrel who has wrought all this mischief. He has poisoned your mind against your husband and Miss White, who, mark you, have never met, here or elsewhere, since the day she dragged you from your grave, when all other human skill had failed. This lady, whom your father foully wronged, and whom you have wronged more deeply, has given, to my knowledge, all her splendid services as a supreme artist to the cause of London charities. It is her very latest services that have brought these good ladies here to thank her. There's not a doctor, surgeon, physician, or student at the Hospital who would not die for her. And this "low comedy actress," "this wretched girl"—

Dr. LATOUCHE (*peremptorily*).—Stop, Lehmann! You have said enough. And my wife is dying. She *must* be left in peace!

GRACE (*faintly*).—Lil! Where is Lil? Call her? (*Looks vacantly on the faces of Lilian and her husband.*) I am dying. What shall I do?

EVA.—Pray, Grace, darling, pray, pray!

GRACE (*vacantly staring*).—Ah! if I had but prayed. But now! Is it too late? (*Rouses herself by a supreme effort.*) Come hither, Lilian! (*Catches Lilian's hands.*) Do you forgive me!

LILIAN.—A thousand times over, dear. Oh, Grace, Grace, pray, pray! Think of God only now! Don't mind us!

GRACE.—Yes, to be sure! Pray! But first! (*Grasps her husband's hand firmly and places it in Lilian's. Both start back, as if stung; but Grace holds them firmly.*) No! this is my only reparation! Lean down, Lil! Whisper—(*Lilian bends her head close to the face of the dying girl*) Be—a—mother—to—Babette—my—little——

EVA (*kneeling and weeping and praying, finds the words rising to her lips*):—

The Stars have given to Atröpos
The secrets of Birth and Death!

CURTAIN.

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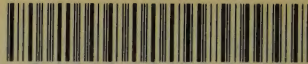
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